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From Reed Hut to Brick Palace

Leonard Woolf

In his great *History of Architecture*, published in about 15 B.C., Vitruvius gives us an admirable account of how men first started to build. "Some of them," he writes, "began to make roofs of reed leaves, others to dig out caves under the hills; some, imitating the nests and constructions of the swallows, made places in which they might go, out of mud and twigs. Finding then other shelters and inventing new things by their power of thought, they built in time better dwellings. . . . At the beginning they put up rough spars, interwove them with twigs and finished the walls with mud." A woodcut, in an edition of Vitruvius brought out at Nuremburg in 1548, illustrates his description (Fig. 1) very fully, showing the primitive builders at work on houses of different sorts, made with all the materials of which Vitruvius speaks.

In starting his *History* with the crude efforts of prehistoric man, the Roman writer gave proof of a really scientific spirit for the whole character of architecture throughout the ages has been dictated by the character of the materials which were first—and necessarily—employed by the earliest builders. Man does not, as a rule, invent an architectural form, and then select



material best suited to the concrete realization of his new idea he began by making what use he could of such material as nature offered him, and very soon found that the form was imposed upon him.

There has been a good deal of discussion as to whether the circular or the rectangular building comes first in point of time. Certainly, the available evidence favors the circular. At Jericho the Neolithic houses (probably the oldest yet discovered) are round, and it is only in the higher levels that rectangular houses of stone rubble occur. Similarly, at Hassuna in northern Iraq where the Chicago Expedition has brought to light a settlement of the period when agriculture was just beginning to replace the food-gathering existence of the nomad hunter, round houses were the first to be erected—these again being of stone rubble. Where, in default of stone, men made themselves shallow dugouts with sides of heaped earth and roofs of boughs, the dugouts are round.

When men lived in caves or in rock shelters, they may easily have learned to pile up stones into a screen to narrow the entrance or to divide the space. When, with a changed manner of life, the cave became inconvenient—perhaps as being too far off from the cultivated land—and people moved down to the plain, their experience in heaping up stone screens stood them in good stead; where there was no cave they could build one. But the old cave had been something inside which they had lived, and it was that that they wanted to reproduce, the inside, not the outside, for there had never been an outside. The primitive stone hut was built from the inside; you stand in the middle and arrange the stones all round you; and the result is a circular building. I have actually seen a Sinaitic Arab build himself a shelter of rough stones capped with a camel-thorn screen; he worked from the inside, and his hut was inevitably circular. Similarly with a dugout; you start where you want your hut to be and dig, throwing the earth outward, and the earth forms a circle with you as the center; you cannot help it.

In certain areas, therefore, such as those where stone is plentiful, the primitive builder—especially if he was lately a cave man—will start with building round houses, so that the round at any rate, the round house is the earlier; and only when man has become relatively sophisticated, and wants bigger rooms, does he perhaps learn that a roof of straight beams is more eas-

id across parallel walls. But that is not necessarily true of all arts.

In the Mesopotamian delta all that nature supplies is mud, reeds, and palm trees. In that country, then, the simplest and the most obvious thing to build is the reed hut. Owing to the late formation of the delta, no settlement in it is so old as Uruk; but, at least, we can say that the reed stem and the woven reed leaf were the materials first used here for house-building. The method of construction is that you plant upright in the ground two bundles or fascines of tall reeds (single reeds would not be strong enough to resist the winds), and then lash to them crossbars, made of smaller fascines, to form a framework on to which matting can be fastened to make the wall. But the reeds are straight and rigid; your horizontal bars, therefore, will not bend, and automatically the wall between the two uprights is straight. You can prolong it in the same straight line by adding more uprights, but to enclose a space—which is the whole point of house-building—there has to be an angular return; the character of the material results in a rectilinear ground plan. And it does more than that. The tops of the upright fascines, being thinner, are pliable, and if two are bent toward each other and lashed together they make an arch; if, when your first section of wall is up, you build another a short distance away with the uprights corresponding, they can be

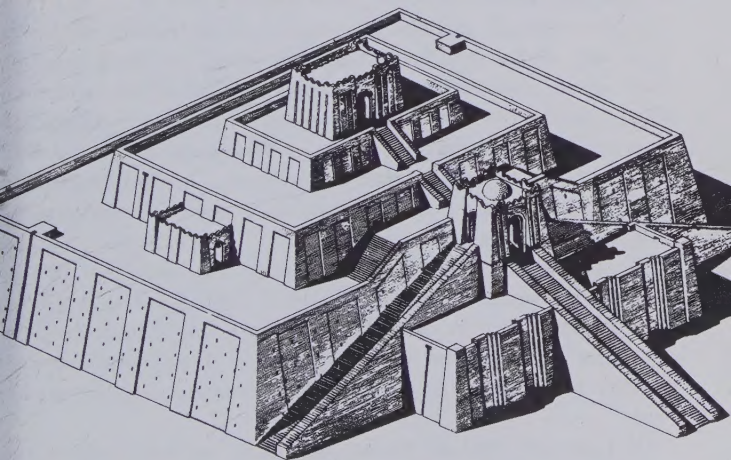


Fig. 2. Restoration of the Ziggurat of Ur-Nammu. (*British Museum.*)

brought together across the middle and you have the framework of a tunnel-like vaulted room which can be covered with matting, roof and all; a mat hung at either end then completes the building—and the building is not only rectilinear but rectangular.

The process is best illustrated by modern examples, the reed houses of the Marsh Arabs of southern Iraq, which are sometimes very large and quite magnificent, but essentially they are the same as those built by the earliest inhabitants of the land; precisely similar huts are shown on a carved stone trough from Erech, now in the British Museum, and on a mosaic frieze from al 'Ubaid near Ur—the latter dates from about 2700 B.C. and the former is some centuries older. Sumerian legends say that reed huts were used by people before the Flood, and at Ur we found underneath the mass of silt left by the Flood thick slabs of clay, bearing on one side the impression of reeds; they were bits of the mud plaster of a reed hut. For that is the second stage. The walls of matting do not stop the draft, and the obvious remedy is to plaster them with mud; even the roof can be plastered and, as every now and then a fresh coat will be desirable, the building in time becomes very solid. Supposing that such a building catches fire, which may easily happen (the pre-Flood plaster which we found at Ur had been accidentally burned), the hardened clay will still stand, more or less, and will give people a new idea: that reeds are not essential, and that a house can be built with mud only. One way of doing so is to use *terre pisée*, as was commonly done in the alluvial plains of prehistoric China; but to hammer the earth firm really demands wooden planks to contain it, and for Neolithic man in southern Mesopotamia planks were not easily come by. Another way was to pile up basketfuls of not too watery clay, and for rough work, such as a garden wall, this method serves well enough—it is, indeed, still in use; but it is clumsy, and when the wall is more than shoulder high the weight of a basket-load makes further building difficult; so some genius conceived the idea of conveniently small lumps molded to shape in a wooden mold, instead of in a round-bottomed basket, and at once the practice of brick-making spread far and wide.

But the new medium was applied to an art whose main lines had been decided already. The primitive builders of the reed

but had laced their matting on the *inside* of the framework. When, therefore, the mud plaster was applied, the upright fascines gave the effect of half-columns dividing the wall-face into panels. The builders in brick copied their models faithfully. The rounded half-column might be kept or, since the bricks were rectangular, might be translated into square buttresses; but so strong was convention that one or other of these was, where religious buildings were concerned, invariably used down to the last days of Babylon; a temple with plain walls was unthinkable.

We have seen that reed construction automatically produced the arch and the vault; both were imitated in brickwork. The true arch is found in the doorway of one of the Royal tombs at Ur (c. 2800 B.C.), in the doorways of private houses in Abraham's time, and (this one is still standing) in a temple of the fourteenth century B.C. (Fig. 3). The barrel vault also

Fig. 3. Arched doorway of King Kuri-galzu's temple, fourteenth century B.C. (Author's photograph.)





occurs in the Royal tombs, though where the span is great, the builder, perhaps mistrusting his powers, preferred the corbelled vault set up over a wooden centering, as in the great mausoleum of King Dungi (2100 B.C.). Where the reed hut was small and square, the tops of all the four corner uprights could be bent inward and tied together and the result was a dome; consequently, we find the dome also reproduced in later work; one of the Royal tombs has a dome of stone rubble set in mud mortar constructed over a timber centering, and in about 2150 B.C. we find a brick dome of King Ur-Nammu built on pendentives. But all these arches, vaults, and domes are on a small scale (it must be remembered that the reed hut itself was always rather narrow) and, so far as we know, the principles were never applied to large buildings; if a big room had to be roofed, timber was essential. Even so, the precedent of the reed hut was followed, but light poplar poles took the place of reeds and were laid as rafters from wall to wall; above them, reeds were spread at right angles, then matting and, above the matting, earth and mud. A roof like this, with a slight slope for drainage, is most effective, cool in the summer and reasonably waterproof; but it does need a fresh coat of mud after the winter rains, and the original thickness (which should be $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches) is soon multiplied; mud is heavy and poplar poles are not very strong, so, if the span of the roof is at all considerable, it will require support, which means a column or columns.

Until recently, it was confidently assumed that the column was an architectural feature unknown in Mesopotamia; so much so that when an American excavator announced the discovery of a columned hall at Nippur dating to the fourteenth century B.C., he was held up to ridicule as an ignoramus, it being quite certain that columns were only introduced into Mesopotamia by the Greeks. It was an absurd assumption, because where nature supplies the palm tree, man cannot help adapting it as a column; it was true that none had been found, but that was because people actually used palm trees and these had, of course, decayed and left no trace of themselves. Now there have been found at Erech huge columns, eight feet in diameter, built of mud bricks and overlaid with elaborate mosaic; these date from perhaps as early as 3000 B.C. At Kish, two centuries later, the brick columns recur; at al 'Ubaid the little temple, built by Ianni-pad-da about 2700 B.C., had columns of real palm logs

either sheathed with copper or covered with a polychrome mosaic reproducing the scales of the palm trunk. We find at Ur again a brick column of Ur-Nammu, and a later example (by Warad-Sin, c. 1800 B.C.), in which specially molded bricks render the palm-trunk pattern in relief; it was a perfectly familiar feature and everybody knew how it started.

By the middle of the third millennium before Christ, the Mesopotamian builder knew and employed all the basic elements of modern architecture—the relieving buttress, the half-column, the column, the arch, the vault, and the dome, and all of these, with the sole exception of the column, were directly derived from the reed and clay-daubed hut of the earliest settlers. His material was exclusively brick, either kiln-fired or plain mud brick, and his mortar was mud. Burnt brick was generally used only for the lower courses, foundations, and damp-courses; but later on, as wealth increased, burnt brick might be more freely used, so that the whole of the huge Zig-



Fig. 5. Glazed brick from Nimrud: the King and his servants. (*Perrot and Chipiez.*)

urat of Ur was faced with an eight-foot skin of burnt bricks, set in bitumen mortar, and a temple or even a royal palace might be of burnt brick throughout, and in the facade of a private house the burnt brickwork might be carried up as high as the top of the first story; but the builder knew that mud brick, if duly protected from above, was a lasting material and fully adequate for most purposes, so he was satisfied with that; and when we find his mud-brick walls still standing ten feet high after a life of three and a half millennia we may agree with him.

In Egypt we cannot follow quite so directly as we can in Mesopotamia the beginnings of architecture; but it is none the less clear that the process of evolution was very similar. Egypt, like southern Iraq, offers to the builder mud, reeds, and palm logs, but, in addition, the desert supplies plenty of easily-worked stone. The earliest (pre-Dynastic) village sites that have been excavated show the reed huts that we should expect; mud brick comes into use not long after its invention in the Mesopotamian delta, and for most purposes it remains throughout Egyptian history the only building material. But already in the Third Dynasty (c. 2750 B.C.) finely-cut limestone ashlar is being employed for pyramid construction; it comes in suddenly and was perhaps an art learned from some foreign source; at least, we cannot trace its origin in Egypt. But even in stonework, the native tradition is manifest so far as style is concerned. In those great temples, which for most of us sum up the character of Nilotic architecture, two standard forms of columns predominate; one is copied from the palm tree, the other imitates a bundle of tall papyrus stems bound together at top and bottom (Fig. 4); both go back to the huts of the prehistoric dwellers in the Nile valley.

Yet there is a very curious point about stone building in Egypt. Stone was easily accessible, and there was no lack of skilled stonecutters and masons, but from the outset the material was used only for tombs and temples; for the houses of the gods, for the pyramids heaped over the tombs of Pharaohs and for the mastabas of the nobles, whose solid houselike blocks were strung out to make cities of the dead along the desert's edge, polished limestone was the fitting material; but not for the houses of the living. Later on, when habits changed, and tombs were no longer built but quarried into the living rock, then stone was reserved for temples only. In a private house

the doorjambs or the window-frames might indeed be of stone, but that was all; the walls, never. Even the Pharaoh, who had his mortuary chapel constructed in the finest ashlar, lived in a palace of mud brick. It is difficult to explain such self-denial on the part of the godlike rulers of Egypt, unless indeed there was something mysterious about stone which made it suitable for those of another world but taboo for mortal men. And, strange to say, there seems to have been a similar idea in southern Mesopotamia. There, as I have said, stone is not so easily come by, and we should not have expected to find it used at all; but at Erech one very early temple has stone foundations; at Ur the Royal tombs, some of which are like underground palaces with several rooms, are built of limestone rubble; the little temple at al'Ubaid has stone foundations, and when a king of that First Dynasty rebuilt the Ziggurat of Ur, the containing-wall of its platform was faced with stone up to the height of four feet—but, and this was what struck us even more than its rarity, the apparently massive foundation was a mere sham, a skin of stone applied to a mud-brick wall and contributing nothing to its strength. There seems then to have been a tradition—which was already dying out as early as the time of the First Dynasty (2700 B.C.)—according to which temples and tombs ought to be built of stone, or to contain a certain amount of stonework; but neither then nor afterward was stone ever employed for a house. In Mesopotamia and in Egypt alike the title of this article holds good; it was progress from reed hut to brick palace.

The fame of the Egyptian architect rests on his stone temples; the Mesopotamian was exclusively a builder in brick, and his achievement is therefore less likely to be appreciated; but within the limits of his material he was a great artist. Sometimes he seems to have been impatient of those limitations: as when, in the fourteenth century B.C., King Kuri-galzu's architect at Erech decorated the façade of a temple with life-size figures of deities in high relief, rather like Caryatids, built of molded bricks; or when Nebuchadnezzar, to break the monotony of long stretches of blank wall, had the bricks laid at an angle of about fifteen degrees to the wall line, returning to that line at every yard or so, so that the ground-plan was exactly like the toothed edge of a saw, and the wall face was resolved into a succession of narrow vertical stripes of sunlight and shadow. These are errors

the decadence; to estimate the merits of the Sumerian architecture, we must turn to the great periods. The Ziggurat of Ur (fig. 2), as built by the kings of the Third Dynasty, about 2100 B.C., was a solid brick tower of three stages capped by a little shrine; it measured at the base some two hundred feet by a hundred and fifty and its height without the shrine was sixty-two feet; the walls of each stage, relieved by shallow ornamental buttresses, sloped inward as if to emphasize the fact that this was a "sacred mountain" on whose precipitous summit the god had his home, and a triple stairway led up from the ground to the shrine. What is remarkable is that there is not a straight line in the building. The walls from foot to coping have a curve—an entasis—so slight as to escape notice; and each side, from corner to corner, is laid out on a curve calculated to counteract for the eye any impression of weakness that might be caused by the crushing weight of the tower's central mass. The principle observed by the Athenian builders, when they gave entasis to the columns and curved the stylobate of the Parthenon, had been anticipated by the Sumerians sixteen centuries earlier. The fact that the Sumerians were past masters in the art of brickwork makes it more difficult to understand one phase in their history. The bricks used throughout the first three "periods" of Mesopotamian archaeology were ordinary flat rectangular bricks, such as are employed today; then, at the beginning of the "Early Dynastic" period, those were abandoned in favor of bricks rectangular in plan but rounded on the top like a tinned loaf or a bun, an absurdly inconvenient shape which must have complicated very much the bricklayer's task. They came into fashion suddenly—at Ur a new building of the time, connected with the Ziggurat, has foundations of the old flat bricks below and mixed types higher up, but above ground level is of the bun-shaped "plano-convex" bricks exclusively; the builders apparently economized by using up what remained of the old stock but did not dare to let any of it show; it was not just a local fashion, but was universal throughout the country, and it lasted for several hundred years. It has been suggested that it was introduced by immigrants from the foothills where they had been accustomed to building in stone and now applied the old technique to a new material, molding mud to the shape of stones. But in the first place no newcomers entered the land at the start of the Early Dynastic period; and, in the second, builders in

stone prefer a sort that splits easily into flat pieces, and if they had to make bricks would never go out of their way to imitate the water-worn round-topped pebbles which they would have avoided using at home. The only explanation I can suggest (and it may seem very farfetched) is that the country had just shaken off the rule of a thoroughly unpopular and foreign aristocracy; the public buildings which represented that regime were pulled down, but of course had to be rebuilt; the fervor of the nationalistic spirit prompted the idea of changing not only the form of those buildings, but even the character of the material of which they were made, and the "plano-convex" brick was the result. It *does* sound farfetched, but some sentiment of religion or of patriotism did attach itself to these bun-shaped absurdities. In later days, as for instance under the Third Dynasty of Ur, a king building a temple for a god would encase in the corner of the brickwork "foundation-deposits" that consisted of a copper figure of himself piously disguised as a laborer carrying a basket of mortar and of a stone tablet inscribed with his name and the dedication of the temple; and the stone was in the form of a plano-convex brick. A Kassite ruler of the fourteenth century B.C., setting up a new altar, hid in the core of it miniature clay models of plano-convex bricks such as had gone out of use more than a thousand years before. Later still, in Assyrian times and in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, when it was the custom to bury under the floor of a building painted clay figures of the Seven Spirits that would ward off evil from the house, each figure was set in a little sentry-box made of ancient plano-convex bricks that had been dug out from the prehistoric ruins deep underground. When men reverted from the plano-convex to the flat-topped brick, reason prevailed over sentiment, but the sentiment was to endure for two millennia; that persistence makes it less unlikely that the origin of the plano-convex brick was sentimental one.

Whatever feeling one may entertain about bricks, and however perfect may be the technique of the bricklayer, one is apt to think that "brick palace" is almost a contradiction in terms. In point of fact, the mud brickwork even of outside walls was nearly always plastered and whitewashed, and the interior walls were far more elaborately disguised. For a very early period we have the Erech palace, where the brickwork is entirely overlaid with a mosaic of colored terra cotta cones. For the Earle

ynastic period, the palace of Mari in northern Mesopotamia
 n show wall paintings *in tempera* and, later, Alalakh in north
 yria illustrates the use of true fresco. Under the Third Dynasty
 Ur, ceilings might be painted blue and studded with stars in
 af gold, and gold plates inlaid with lapis lazuli and other semi-
 precious stones might cover the walls. The private houses had
 their walls plastered and whitewashed or color-washed, and
 ough they may never have been so richly decorated as was
 e Egyptian house—such as we find at Tel el Amarna—yet they
 ere far from being squalidly plain. In the Assyrian time, when
 e technique of glazing earthenware became generally known,
 e brickmaker took full advantage of it, and in the seventh-
 entury royal palace at Nimrud it is the brickwork itself that
 ves the decoration, panel after panel of birds and beasts and
 ees in yellow and white on an azure ground, rows of marching
 arriors, formal designs of palmettes and fir-cones and *guilloche*
 rolls; the whole thing was a blaze of lustrous color, by the
 de of which the mere paintings on stucco which adorned some
 f the rooms sink into insignificance (Fig. 5). Even for exteriors
 glazed bricks were sometimes used, as for the blue shrine that
 crowned the neo-Babylonian Ziggurat at Ur or for Nebuchad-
 ezzar's famous Ishtar Gate at Babylon. The brick palace was
 indeed a dwelling fit for a king, a far cry from the reed hut of
 e marshland settler; yet it was from the reed hut that the
 palace-builder derived all the architectural principles employed
 in his design.

The Parthenon

Donald Nicoll

Few buildings in the world have served as the temples of three different religions. The Parthenon, which is today only a beautiful but broken shell, began as the shrine of Athena, continued as the church of the Mother of God, and ended as a mosque of the prophet of Allah. Modern travelers to Athens climb the Acropolis to worship not the deity enshrined within the walls and columns, but the Parthenon itself, as the most perfect achievement of Greek or perhaps of any architecture. For the Parthenon has a life and spirit of its own. The mathematical subtleties and refinements of its construction weld it together like a piece of living sculpture hewn out of one enormous block; and even the marble changes its moods and colors with the changes of the light. It is, as Lord Kinross has recently written, "like a work by Bach or Handel, transposed into plastic form. Through the discipline of a stern intellectual process it conveys a supreme sense of emotional liberation." Even as ruin, it illustrates the qualities of the Athenian character as expressed by Pericles himself: "We are lovers of the beautiful yet simple in our tastes, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness."

It was about 450 B.C. that Pericles commissioned the construction of buildings worthy of the city that had defied the might of Persia and assumed leadership of the Greek world. Chief among these buildings was the Parthenon, a new temple on the old site dedicated to Athena. The work was under the general supervision of Pheidias. The architect was Ictinus, and his plans were carried out by the co-operative efforts of great numbers of private contractors. The sculptural work was similarly divided, each team of sculptors working at piece rates of sixty drachmas per figure. The Parthenon was thus a collective achievement of the whole Athenian people.

The building was finished by 432 B.C. Apart from the timber of the roof, it was composed entirely of Pentelic marble. In plan it was a peripteral octastyle temple of the Doric order, running east and west, with eight columns at each end and seventeen on each side. The cella or temple proper, which stood within this surrounding colonnade, was an oblong building with a porch of six columns at either end. It was divided by a wall into two unconnected parts—the east room, containing the huge gold and ivory cult-statue of Athena by Pheidias, and the west room which was the Treasury of the Athenian Confederacy. The east room, the longer of the two, was divided longitudinally into three compartments by a double row of columns, which supported an upper gallery. The sculptural decoration, now mostly removed, was the crowning glory of the Parthenon. The metopes, above the external colonnade, showed scenes from the legendary history of Greece. The pediments at either end showed mythological scenes—the birth of Athena and the struggle between Athena and Poseidon for the possession of Attica. But the frieze showed a scene from contemporary life—the Panathenaic procession of the festival of Athena, when the whole population of Athens made their pilgrimage to the temple of their patron goddess.

On the planning, construction, and decoration of the Parthenon were lavished all the talents of the Greek artistic genius at its highest. More particularly, for the Athenians it was the advertisement to the world of the greatness of their democracy at its greatest moment, and of the temple consecrated to the virgin Athena, whose special care was the city of Athens and its prosperity. And so it remained for some nine centuries. Throughout the disasters of the Peloponnesian War, which





began the year after the Parthenon was finished, and throughout the succession of wars between Greeks and Macedonians that followed the deaths of Philip and Alexander the Great, although the prosperity of the Athenians declined, the Parthenon remained as the temple of their ideal. Alexander himself decorated the architrave of the Parthenon with a row of gilt-bronze shields, a piece of bad taste but good policy. Under his quarrelsome successors the temple was occasionally robbed, but never damaged. Demetrius Poliorcetes, who came from Asia to help the Greeks fight the Macedonians in 304 B.C., in true Oriental style took up his quarters in the Parthenon on the ground that being himself a god Athena must be his elder sister and the east room became a boarding-house for his mistresses. When the Romans finally lost patience with their exasperating eastern neighbors and simply annexed first Macedonia and then Greece as provinces of their Empire, Athens was at first treated with the respect due to age and reputation. But such treatment went to the heads of the descendants of Pericles; and their vanity led them to take the wrong side in Rome's war with King Mithridates in 86 B.C. Athens was besieged by a Roman army under the command of Sulla; and when Sulla finally fought his way into the city, he allowed his troops to murder, plunder and destroy. The fabric of the Parthenon seems to have been spared, but its treasures of gold and silver were carried away. From Sulla's depredations Athens hardly ever recovered. It sank to the status of a small provincial town in the Roman Empire. But the Emperors granted special privileges to it in memory of its former glories, the chief of which remained the Parthenon; and from the description of Pausanias it would appear that in the second century A.D. the building and its sculptures were still very much as they had been six hundred years before.

In the year A.D. 330 the Emperor Constantine established his new capital of the Roman Empire at Constantinople. Thenceforth the Empire was to be Christian. The old gods and goddesses, among them Athena, were to be forgotten and superseded. The Athenians, as St. Paul had found when preaching in the shadow of the Parthenon, were none too eager to accept the new religion. But at last, perhaps about A.D. 400, the Parthenon from being the Temple of the Virgin Athena became the Church of the Virgin Mother of God, the Theotokos. Not long

er, the Emperor Theodosius, whose wife Athenais was the daughter of a professor at Athens University, had the famous statue of Athena by Pheidias removed to Constantinople, to be replaced by an icon believed to have been painted by St. Luke: and early in the sixth century, under Justinian, who finally closed the pagan University of Athens, the Parthenon became the cathedral of the Metropolitan bishop of Athens.

The conversion of the building to a Christian church necessitated certain architectural alterations. It had to be reorientated so that its face was east instead of west. The east room, or *opisthodomos*, then became the *pronaos* of a Byzantine church, and the Parthenon proper, the west room, became the *narthex*. The wall separating the two rooms was pierced with three doors, of which two led by lateral stairways up to the *gynaikonitis* or women's galleries. The *pronaos* had to be opened out at the west end by the addition of an apse to house the altar, as a result of which the central section of the sculpture in the east pediment, which represented the birth of Athena, was removed and is lost forever. The ceiling was replaced by a vaulted roof, and the walls inside were covered with frescoes, traces of which are still visible.

As the cathedral of the Theotokos, the Parthenon remained the seat of a long succession of Orthodox Metropolitans of Athens, some of whose tombs have been discovered in the foundations. Under the rule of the Byzantine emperors in Constantinople Athens continued to be a relatively small town, and its name seldom made history. At the end of the tenth century, however, it was invaded by the Bulgarians from the north. The Emperor Basil II drove them back out of Greece, and in 1018 celebrated his triumph in the Parthenon; and to commemorate the event a portrait of Basil in his imperial robes was added to the mural decoration of the church.

The bishop of Athens at the end of the twelfth century was a Greek from Asia Minor, Michael Akominatos, a man renowned for his theological learning and proud of his classical scholarship. It was a matter of the deepest regret to Akominatos, as a Christian and a classicist, that his somewhat easy-going flock should be so unworthy of the great "heavenly house" on the Acropolis which was his cathedral. The Church of Our Lady of Athens was to him more than a show place for tourists and pilgrims; it was the greatest monument to the link between the

pagan and the Christian eras of the Greek genius, and living alongside it should make the Athenians better Christians and better Greeks. But the clergy of Athens, whose moral Akominatos laments, like the laity were often illiterate and generally blind to the beauties of their cathedral. From his descriptions it seems that the sculptures of the Parthenon were still intact, except at the east end, so that outwardly the building must have presented still the appearance of the Periclean temple of Athena. Inside, however, the Christian could feel at home; and to the Christians of the East this is what mattered. The external features of a Byzantine church are as a rule entirely subordinated to the architectural and artistic requirements of the interior. Inside, the frescoes on the walls are arranged according to a strict pattern intended to impress on the faithful that they are in the presence of God and his ministers. From the dome or vault of the roof down to eye level, the pictures descend in hierarchical order, from the Christ Pantokrator at the top down through the Angels and the Apostles and the Evangelists to the lesser saints and martyrs of the Church while in the apse the Virgin and Child preside above the scene of the celebration of the divine liturgy by the Fathers of Orthodoxy. Thus, although the outside of the Parthenon might seem oddly un-Christian, especially with its sculptures still *in situ*, ample compensation was made to Christian sentiment inside the walls of the cella.

In the time of Akominatos, apart from the normal visual aid to worship, there were various additional attractions. Over the altar hung an ever-burning lamp, fed by oil that never failed which was the wonder of pilgrims. There was, too, a golden dove representing the Holy Ghost, which flapped its wings in perpetual motion. The panel icon painted by St. Luke was also well known; and the feast of Our Lady of Athens attracted large numbers of pilgrims every year not only from the rest of Greece, but also from the islands and from the capital and the imperial court.

Michael Akominatos was still bishop of Athens in the year 1204, when the cataclysm of the Fourth Crusade burst on the East Roman Empire. After capturing and sacking Constantinople the French and Italian knights set out to conquer the provinces. The portion of Macedonia and Greece was allotted to an Italian marquis; and in 1205 he marched with a motley army of Cru-

ders down through Thessaly and Boeotia toward Athens. The bishop advised his people against a futile attempt at resistance, and before long a Frankish garrison was installed on the Acropolis. The contemporary Athenians may have been a disappointing crowd to an idealist and a classical scholar like Akominatos, but the Crusaders from the west knew nothing either of the past history of Athens or of the aesthetic beauties of the Parthenon. Worse still, they were inspired by religious fanaticism either to convert or to destroy the adherents of the orthodox faith, whom they had been taught to regard as schismatics and heretics. They plundered the treasury of the cathedral, melted down the sacred vessels, and ravaged the bishop's library. Akominatos himself, unable to bear the sight of this sacrilege, fled to the nearby island of Keos, from which he could at least see his beloved Athens.

Athens then became the feudal state of a nobleman of Burgundy, who took the modest title of Duke of Athens—a title which Dante was to refer back to Peisistratus. The Greek clergy who refused to bow the knee to the conquerors were punished. The Acropolis, called in the language of its new masters *le château de Sathines*, became the headquarters of a Frankish military governor; and in the Parthenon, the Church of Our Lady of Athens, a Frenchman was enthroned as archbishop, who arranged that the Athenian church should henceforth be governed by the customs of the church of Paris. These arrangements were ratified by Pope Innocent III, who wrote enthusiastically to the archbishop: "The renewal of the divine grace suffers not the ancient glory of the city of Athens to grow old. The citadel of the most famous Pallas has been humbled to become the seat of the most glorious Mother of God."

Athens, and indeed most of Greece, remained under Western rule for some two hundred and fifty years after the Fourth Crusade, until it passed into the Ottoman Empire of the Turks. The nationality of its rulers changed more than once. Franks were succeeded by Catalans and then by Florentines. To these foreigners, who had no roots of their own in the classical tradition, the Parthenon had never been anything but the cathedral of Athens, and the origins of the building seem to have been quite forgotten. No one appeared to know that it had once been the temple of Athena. It was simply one of the great churches of Christendom, with some rather incongruous sculpture dis-

played on it. At the end of the thirteenth century Pope Nicholas IV granted indulgences to all who visited the church of "Santa Maria di Atene" on the appropriate festivals; and in the fourteenth century, under Spanish rule, the cathedral had twelve canons appointed by the Catalan duke of Athens, and there was a Catalan Dean of the Chapter. By the fifteenth century even a Greek, writing a guidebook for the benefit of Turkish visitors, could cheerfully ascribe the foundation of the Parthenon to two Alexandrian patriarchs of the sixth century.

Most of the foreign dukes of Athens were soldiers rather than artists. The classical style of architecture failed to inspire or impress them. The first allusion to the aesthetic beauty of the ancient buildings on the Acropolis comes from the pen of a visitor to Athens and not a resident, Pedro IV, King of Aragon, in the 1370's. Pedro fancied himself as a troubadour, and so had a professional interest in beauty. "The Castle of Athens," he writes, "is the most precious jewel that exists in the world and such that all the Kings of Christendom could in vain imitate." The Parthenon, then still very much in its pristine state, inspired him as a work of art. Pedro was an exception however; and his wife, Sybilla, more true to the spirit of her age, saw the great Doric peristyle only as an enclosure for the famous relics of the Virgin and the saints within, which she had come to see, and which she longed to take back with her to Spain.

Not long afterward, Athens passed into the possession of one of the rich banking families of Florence, the Acciajuoli. The Florentines, as one would expect, had a more developed artistic sense than the Catalans. The first Florentine duke of Athens converted the ancient Propylaea of the Acropolis into a renaissance palace with a chapel dedicated to St. Bartholomew, and he clearly loved his cathedral. When he died in 1388, he was buried within its walls; and in his will "he ordered that its doors should once more be plated with silver; that all the treasures of the cathedral . . . should be bought up and restored to it; that besides the canons . . . there should always be twenty priests serving in the great minster day and night, and saying masses for the repose of his soul. For the maintenance of these priests and of the fabric of the church, he bequeathed to it the city of Athens with all its dependencies, and all the broodmares of his valuable stud."

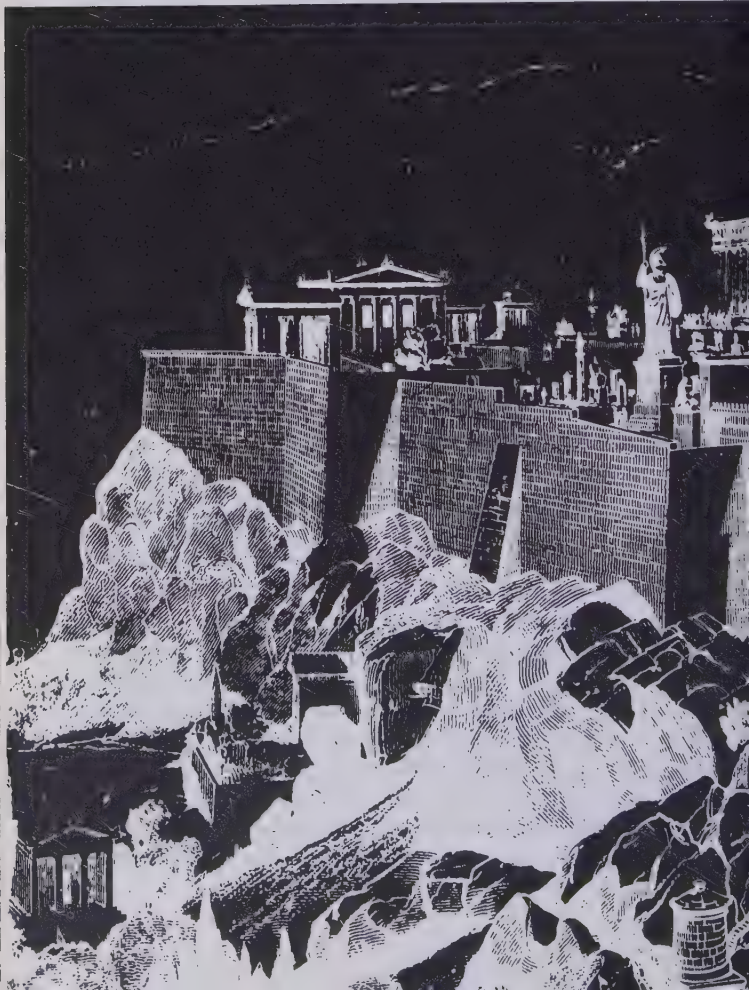
ut the days of the Parthenon as a Christian church were numbered, for the Turks were already hammering at the s of Constantinople. The first Florentine duke of Athens also the first ruler in Greece who had to pay tribute to the Turkish Sultan to maintain his position. Sixty years later the an himself arrived in Athens. But before the Turkish cloud ended on the Acropolis, two travelers from Italy visited ens and left the only detailed accounts of the city during period of Frankish occupation. The first, Niccolò de Martoni, tary from Capua, spent two days in Athens about 1390. e Sybilla of Aragon, he was more interested in the present in the past. His description of the architecture of the Par-on is cursory, but of its relics and treasures he gives a full unt. He describes how he was shown round the cathedral he churchwardens. (They must have dined him well first, he counted sixty columns without and eighty within.) On of the columns he was shown the cross made by Dionysius Areopagite at the moment of the earthquake that marked end of Christ's Passion. There were four pillars of jasper and the altar, supporting a dome; and the doors of the church said to have come from Troy. In a cleft in the wall he saw miraculous ever-burning lamp; and the relics included the ous icon by St. Luke, the head of St. Macarius, a bone of Dionysius, an arm of St. Justin, and a copy of the Gospels ten by the hand of St. Helena.

he second visitor was a scholar and an antiquary. Cyriacus Ancona, the "medieval Pausanias," lived at a time when ek learning and Greek art were at last beginning to make e impact on Western Europe. He taught himself Greek and e a number of travels in the eastern Mediterranean be-en 1435 and 1450 to see for himself the surviving monu-ts of the classical age. His enthusiasm for ancient Hellas somewhat amateur, but he was ready to be impressed and ad a scholarly nostalgia for the past. To Cyriacus the Par-on was an object of wonder, not as a great repository of cs or as a fine cathedral, but as the noblest memorial of a lization about which sadly little was then known in the tern world. He was the first for many years to identify the ding with the temple of Pallas Athena mentioned by ancient ors, the first to describe, however roughly, its plan and ensions—"its fifty-eight columns (twelve on each front and

seventeen on each side), and its noble sculptures on the pediments, the metopes with their lapiths and centaurs, and the frieze." From his account it is clear that the Parthenon and its sculptures were still more or less intact on the eve of the Turkish conquest.

By the time that Athens finally passed into Turkish hands, most of Greece had already fallen. The lower part of the city surrendered on June 4, 1456; and two years later the Sultan himself, Mohammed II, who had captured Constantinople

Reconstruction of the Acropolis. (*Bettmann Archive.*)



3, entered Athens in triumph. Mohammed's dealings with conquered Greeks contrast favorably with the behavior of Crusaders of the thirteenth century. He spoke and wrote Arabic. He had read much about "the wisdom and the marvel-works" of the ancient Athenians, and his triumphal visit to Athens gave him the opportunity "to behold the mother of the philosophers." He spent four days admiring the monuments of the city, which he described as "the dearest to him of all the cities in his empire." Mohammed was under no illusions about the simi-



larity between the contemporary Greeks and their illustrious ancestors. But he had sound political reasons for favoring them at the expense of the Italians who had lorded it over them for so many years. In particular he had good motives for reinstating the clergy of the Greek Church, whose authority, under the long Latin regime, had been almost nonexistent. And it is an odd reflection that it was thanks to the Turkish Sultan that the Greek Metropolitan bishop was at last restored to the cathedral of Athens. The Catholic archbishop was turned out, together with the last of the Italian dukes; and the Parthenon reverted to the Orthodox rite.

But Mohammed II was an exception among Turkish rulers, and his intelligent policy was soon changed. By the end of the fifteenth century the Parthenon had been taken over as a mosque, and its career as the Church of Our Lady of Athens was terminated forever. It became known as the Ismaïdi, or House of Prayer; and a minaret was erected at the southwest angle of the opisthodomos from which the muezzin could summon the faithful to the praise of Allah. The Aga or commander of the garrison made his home in the Propylaea, and the Erechtheion was turned into his harem.

The history of the Parthenon from then on is as obscure and depressing as the history of Athens itself under Turkish rule. The fall of Constantinople added fuel to the fire of the Renaissance in Italy. Greek scholars took refuge there, bringing with them manuscripts of classical authors and examples of classical art. But the new enthusiasm for things Greek could not extend to the study of Greek architecture so long as the Turks remained in Greece. The Adriatic Sea was an iron curtain between Christian and Moslem for many years, and Western architects modeled their ideas on Vitruvius rather than on Ictinus or Pheidias.

Not until the seventeenth century did any more travelers from the West begin to penetrate Greece. A Jesuit mission was set up in Athens in 1645, but even the Jesuits found the going heavy. They were followed by some French Capuchins, who built a small house on the slopes of the Acropolis and used the Monument of Lysicrates as their library. Another Jesuit missionary, Father Jacques-Paul Babin, wrote an account of the Parthenon as he found it in 1672. In his opinion it surpassed even that wonder of the world Saint Sophia in Constantinople.

he noted that many of the slabs of marble had been
ed to fall down from the upper galleries. One of the
s of the famous frieze had also tumbled to the ground and
been carried into the mosque. The bishop's throne and the
t, dating from the Christian days, were still standing; but
altar had been removed, for the Turks "offer no sacrifice
their mosques." In general it seems that the Turks, with
customary apathy, were simply allowing the processes of
and decay to work their will on the Parthenon.

ot many years later the building was to be reduced to a
But before that disaster occurred the remains of its sculp-
at least were to be fairly accurately recorded. In 1674 the
ch Ambassador to Turkey, the Marquis de Nointel, visited
ns, bringing with him a Flemish draftsman, whom he set
ake drawings of the ancient monuments of the city. These
ings, attributed to Jacques Carrey, now form the basis of
tempted reconstructions of the surviving fragments, espe-
of the pediments of the Parthenon. Then in 1675 an
ish classical scholar, George Wheler, accompanied by a
ch epigraphist, Jacob Spon, visited Athens during their
is in the Levant. They studied everything, like conscien-
and enlightened tourists, using their Pausanias like a
eker, noting and collecting inscriptions. To Wheler the
enon was "absolutely, both for Matter and Art, the most
iful piece of Antiquity remaining in the World. I wish I
communicate the Pleasure I took in viewing it, by a De-
tion that would in some proportion express the Ideas I
hen of it; which I cannot hope to do"—a statement that
serve to express the feelings of nearly all who have stood
e Acropolis.

on and Wheler were almost the last Westerners to see the
enon whole. In 1687 the Venetians, led by Francesco
sini, who had already overrun much of southern Greece,
ed Athens. The Turks entrenched themselves on the
opolis, and stored their gunpowder in the Parthenon. Siege
tions were begun by Count Königsmark, commander of
erman contingent fighting with the Venetians; and on Sep-
er 26, 1687, a German lieutenant lobbed a shell into the
le of the Parthenon. "A terrific explosion took place; the
r columns of the peristyle, the walls of the cella, and the
ense architraves and cornices they supported, were scat-



The Venetian bombardment of the Acropolis in 1687.

tered around the remains of the temple. Much of the unrivaled sculpture was defaced, and a part utterly destroyed. The materials heaped up in the building also took fire, and the flames mounting high over the Acropolis, announced the calamity to the besiegers, and scathed many of the statues which still remained in their original positions."

The damage done on that day can never be rectified. The whole of the middle of the Parthenon, with twenty-eight of its columns and great sections of the frieze and metopes, was blown to pieces. Not content with this vandalism, Morosini tried to remove the statues of Poseidon and the horses of Athena's chariot from the west pediment. His hammer and workmen brought the whole group crashing to the ground "so shivered them to pieces by the fall that the fragments were not deemed worthy of transport." To console himself Morosini made off with four marble lions, which still adorn the arsenal at Venice.

In 1688 the Venetians sailed away and left Athens once again to the Turks. A new mosque arose among the ruins of the Parthenon—a squat domed building of brick fitted into the wreckage of the marble peristyle like a dirty cork into a lovely bottle.

was mainly the result of historical circumstances that the Greek Doric style, and not the Roman version of it, was for so long imperfectly known in the West. But it is strange that the Parthenon only began to influence the minds of Western architects after it had become a ruin. The eighteenth century saw a revived interest in classical antiquity, which found expression in the Classical Revival style of architecture. Prominent among the pioneers in England were James Stuart and Nicholas Revett, young architects who in 1748 proposed to compile "an accurate description of the Antiquities of Athens." Their project was taken up and sponsored by the recently founded Society of Dilettanti in London. Stuart and Revett worked in Greece between 1751 and 1753, and in spite of many difficulties produced the first really accurate drawings of the Parthenon. At about the same time the Frenchman Le Roy was engaged on the same task. Le Roy published his findings first; and though his drawings were often unreliable they provided an *ap  titif* for the classical-hungry public until the delayed appearance of the drawings of Stuart and Revett. With the publication of their third volume, in 1794, the Western world had for the first time a complete and scientific account of the Greek Doric style; and thenceforward every aspiring architect hastened to visit Greece to study the "Grecian monuments," not least the Parthenon. Not all were enamored of the masculine severity of the pure Greek architecture. To some it appeared shocking and barbarous, to others elegant and restrained. And among the minority who worshipped its divine simplicity were not a few whose tastes were attracted by a new romanticism for Greece, who dared to hope that the monuments of Hellas and with them the modern Greeks might be rescued from the clutches of the Turks.

It was in 1801 that Lord Elgin, then British ambassador in Constantinople, secured a warrant from the Turks "to take from the Acropolis any pieces of stone with old inscriptions or figures thereon." Interpreting his warrant somewhat liberally, Elgin employed several hundred workmen to remove most of what survived of the sculptures of the Parthenon. The pieces were then (rightly or wrongly) shipped to England, where they were eventually bought by the British Museum for 35,000. The shell of the Parthenon was thus denuded of its finishing glory. But the arrival in England of the Elgin marbles brought Greece most vividly before the eyes of the romanticists.

The young Lord Byron thought it rather daring to belittle the Parthenon and to call Lord Elgin a thief—just as, when he first saw the Parthenon later on, he is said to have remarked that it was “very like the Mansion House.” But after the Greek War of Independence had broken out in 1821, Byron was prominent among the Englishmen who supported the cause of Greek liberty.

In 1827 Athens was at length restored to the Greeks, and seven years later it became the capital of the new Kingdom of Greece under its elected ruler, the young Bavarian Otto. Work was immediately begun on clearing the Acropolis and the Parthenon. The mosque was demolished and the rubble left by the hands of the Turks swept away. Then for a last horrifying moment it seemed as if the Parthenon might once again be pressed into active service. The German architect in charge of the planning of the new city of Athens, full of romantic notions, drew up plans for a complete restoration of the Parthenon. It was to be transformed into the royal palace of King Otto. Mercifully, good sense prevailed, and a thoroughly German palace was built elsewhere. The Parthenon was spared. Since that time, only the most judicious restoration has been permitted. The colonnade on the north side has been reconstructed, mostly from the surviving column drums which had been lying around since the seventeenth-century bombardment: and various fallen blocks from the upper masonry have been restored to their positions.

From being a handsome church and an ugly mosque the Parthenon has now, though only a ruin, been reinstated as a temple worthy of the respect of all nations and all creeds as a monument to the highest aspirations of man.

Richard Coeur de Lion

Steven Runciman

Remarkable that the two medieval English kings whose names have shone brightest down the ages are the two who most sacrificed the interests of their kingdom for grandiose wars. Neither Richard I nor Henry V concerned himself much with the welfare of England. Both regarded the kingdom as a source of wealth and power to be expended upon conquest abroad. During a reign of ten years, King Richard spent less than six months in England. His wars and their consequences involved his subjects in costs that could only be met by heavy financial exactions; and the chief merit of his reign was that it tested the administration developed by his father Henry II and that it enabled one of the ablest of English statesmen, Hubert Walter, to improve and strengthen the government system. Richard's own contribution was negative, and without Hubert Walter would have been disastrous. Yet to contemporaries of his own time, and ever afterward, he has always been accepted as one of the most splendid and romantic of English heroes.

Richard Plantagenet was born on September 8, 1157, the third son of Henry II, King of England, Duke of Normandy,



ount of Anjou and Maine, and of Eleanor, heiress of
ine, and the second son to reach manhood. His heredity
nister. His father's family, the Counts of Anjou, were
for their fierce temper. Henry II's mother had been
s of the ruthless and capable line of the Dukes of Nor-
, with Scottish and Anglo-Saxon blood coming in through
other. Eleanor's family, the ancient house of Poitou,
it traditionally patronized poetry and the arts, had a
ion almost as terrible as that of the Angevins. Both
II and Eleanor were restless and high-tempered, with
es above the average; but while Henry was a wise and
entious administrator, Eleanor was irresponsible, and she
ner days in unscrupulous intrigue. One husband, King
VII of France, had already divorced her with a sigh of
and her marriage with Henry soon became a long, snarl-
gfight.

ill her children Eleanor loved Richard the most. As the
surviving son and his mother's favorite, he was enfeoffed
er inheritance of Aquitaine, whose Duke he became in
when he was aged fifteen. Henry had not been popular
wife's duchy; and its nobility was unruly and insubordi-
with a dangerous rival claimant in the person of the Count
ouse. Yet before he was twenty Richard had reduced his
to obedience, in spite of the distraction of a war against
n father, fought at his mother's instigation. It was during
years that his reputation was made. He was a splendid
man, tall and well-built, with red-gold hair and the fine
es and the charm of manner that characterized his
's family. There was never any doubt of his genius as a
, and his thoughtfulness toward his men made knights
all over France eager to serve under him. Troubadours
elcome at his court and sang his praises widely. Bertrand
n, the most famous of them all, had thought him at first
fferable youth, but soon fell victim to his charm. Indeed,
nd so eagerly encouraged him against his father that
placed him in Hell for it. Richard needed little encour-
nt. He was always ready, with his mother's support, to
p arms against Henry II, either with or without the
e of his brothers. The climax came in 1185, when Henry
d to deprive him of Aquitaine and give it to the youngest
princes, John, who was still loyal to his father. But to

make the transference legal, Queen Eleanor had to be released from the confinement in which her husband tried to keep her. For the Aquitanians would accept no arrangement in which they did not visibly concur. Richard's elder brother Henry had died in 1183, and he was now heir to his father's lands; but there was no reason why he should therefore lose his duchy; and his mother, once released, gave him all her sympathy. The next four years saw a series of wars and short-lived reconciliations between the old King and Richard. The only beneficiary was the young King of France, Philip, later surnamed Augustus. Queen Eleanor's stepson, a serious, inscrutable boy with a marvellous talent for intrigue.

Eleanor of Aquitaine—the effigy at Fontévrault. (*Giraudon.*)



While these quarrels dragged on, news came to the West that on July 4, 1187, the army of the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem had been annihilated by the Saracens and that on October 2, 1187, the Saracen commander Saladin had entered Jerusalem itself. The Kingdom of the Crusaders had been founded by the heroic efforts of the First Crusade not quite a century before. It was known that in recent decades things had not been going well. But no one expected so overwhelming a disaster. To every prince and nobleman in Europe the loss of the Holy City and the True Cross, the most sacred relic of the Faith, came as a great shock and almost as a personal reproach; they were conscious that all their subjects were horrified to see them fighting each other while the fate of the Holy Places was at stake. Richard, young, vigorous, and famed for his skill in warfare, was regarded as the ideal leader for the army that must be sent to rescue the Christian Christendom; and Richard himself lost no delay in making a response to the call. In November 1187, before the final fall of Jerusalem was known in France, he solemnly took the Cross. Next January his aged father and the young King of France followed his example; and all over France and England preparations were prepared themselves to go on the Crusade. But then there was delay. None of the three great potentates was particularly eager to fulfill his vow. A war broke out between Richard and King Philip. King Henry joined in against the French. But Richard treacherously joined Philip against his own father. The Pope sent a legate to order the Kings to make peace; the Archbishop of Canterbury tried in vain to mediate. The Count of Flanders ostentatiously set out for the Crusade without waiting for his dilatory superiors. Peace was restored when King Henry died, in July 1189, and Richard succeeded in his vast dominions. It was thought that the delays would now be ended. Richard and Philip were allies. Surely they should both now start on the great expedition. But still they hesitated. Neither King trusted the other sufficiently to leave his kingdom exposed by his absence unless his rival came along. Richard had to go to England to be crowned and to raise money by the Saladin Tithe and other devices, and to arrange his administration while he should be away. These duties, which Richard could well claim were necessary, involved six long months of waiting. Then, when both kings were ready to start, the Queen of France died, and Philip had to postpone his

departure, and Richard would not leave without him. It was not till July 1290 that the two kings met at Vézelay with their armies and began their eastward journey.

Even to his contemporaries Richard's dallying seemed irresponsible. His early wars against his father had been forgiving. But that after taking the Cross he should pause to fight his father again, and then to bargain endlessly with his brother France, caused men to question his sincerity. In fact, Richard was sincere in his faith. He genuinely desired to fight the infidel. But he was always more ready to promise than to fulfill. He loved to reorganize and rearrange his affairs, but was quick-bored and distracted. Equal blame might have been laid for the delays on Philip of France. But Philip was sparing of extravagant promises, and he always made it clear that he put the interests of his kingdom even before those of the Crusade. It is possible that neither recognized the urgency of the need for help in the East. It was known that Saladin had been held before the walls of Tyre and that in 1189 the knights of Outremer had themselves taken the offensive against the infidel and had marched to recapture Acre. It was known, too, that a greater army than either Philip or Richard could raise had set out in May 1189, from Germany under the Western Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa; and it is possible that neither Richard nor Philip was in a hurry to join an expedition whose chief figure would not be either of them. As it happened, the great Emperor was drowned in a river in southern Asia Minor a month before the kings set out from Vézelay, and his army gradually dispersed. It was more than ever urgent that help should come quickly to the East.

Even so, Richard did not hurry his journey. His fleet had already left England, to sail through the Straits of Gibraltar and meet him at Marseilles. From there some of his ships, and a few of his men, went direct under the Archbishop of Canterbury to Syria. But Richard himself decided to stop in Sicily. His sister Joan, the only woman besides his mother for whom he had any affection, was Queen-dowager of Sicily and was being hardly treated by her husband's successor, King Tancred. He not only withheld her dowry but also refused to pay a legacy that the late King had left to Henry II of England and his heirs. Sending his army by sea, Richard journeyed by land to Sicily. Whether from a tendency to seasickness or from fear of

nents, he always avoided sea travel as best he could. After losing his life in a brawl on the way, Richard arrived in Sicily in September 1190. He remained there till the following April. By seizing the town of Messina he forced Tancred to disgorge Joan's dowry and Henry II's legacy. Then he changed his policy and made a close alliance with Tancred, who discovered very quickly Richard's friendship could be bought by gifts of money. As Richard stayed on in Sicily, King Philip stayed too, unwilling to leave his powerful colleague alone in a country so strategically placed. He had hoped to hold the balance between Tancred and Tancred, but their alliance upset his plans. There was outward friendship, however, between the Kings; and Philip released Richard from his long-standing engagement to marry the French princess Alice. Instead, Richard decided to marry the princess Berengaria of Navarre, whose candidature his mother had long urged because of the value of the Navarrese alliance to Aquitaine. Queen Eleanor came in person with the Duke to Sicily.

During his sojourn in Sicily, Richard went to visit the famous Calabrian mystic, Joachim of Floris; and the record of this interview gives a vivid picture of his personality. He was able to follow with intelligent comments the saint's exposition of the Scriptures. He was profoundly comforted by the prophecies that were given him of future victories over the Saracens. But he was not averse to cracking cynical jokes, as when he declared that, if Joachim was right, the reigning Pope, Clement III, must be Antichrist.

It was only in the spring of 1191 that the Kings of France and England left Sicily. Philip made a good passage to Syria; but Richard, starting twelve days later, met with bad weather. His fleet was for a time dispersed and reassembled off Limassol in Cyprus. The ship containing his sister and his fiancée arrived there a week before him. Cyprus was ruled by the self-styled Emperor Isaac Comnenus, a rebel from the Byzantine Empire; and Isaac hoped to use the royal ladies as hostages. When they refused to put themselves in his power, he forbade them to send ashore for fresh water. When Richard arrived, his temper exacerbated by a narrow escape from shipwreck and from seasickness, he was furious and at once landed troops. Apparently almost without reflection, he set about the conquest of the island. Once he had started on this course, its advantages

became clear. Possession of Cyprus would be of immense strategic value for the reconquest and retention of land in Syria, just across the sea. Isaac was an incompetent general, and his exactions had lost him the support of his subjects. Richard had little difficulty in overrunning the whole island, and its inhabitants suddenly found themselves under new masters whose financial extortions were no smaller and whose disregard for their native church far greater. The Cypriots were never to be ruled by fellow Greeks again.

Having arranged for the government of Cyprus, Richard sailed across the sea and arrived at the Crusader camp at Acre on June 8, 1191. Nearly four years had passed since he had taken the Cross; and that the Crusaders were still able to defy Saladin and keep up the offensive at Acre was in no way due to him. But his coming made all the difference to the Crusade. His fame had gone before him. Every Crusader knew of him as the most brilliant general in Christendom; and even the Moslems, though they sagely noted that Philip was his superior in rank, remarked that he was unequalled among the Christians in wealth, valor, and fame. His prestige was, indeed, tremendous. His personal domains were the largest and the best organized in Western Europe; and though he owed the French King allegiance for his French dominions, his overlord could not hope to control so mighty a vassal. He had proved himself a fine soldier, adored by his men. His recent triumphs in Sicily and Cyprus added to his reputation. No one could see the weaknesses in his position. The Angevin Empire was not as invulnerable as it might seem. Its French vassals were always ready to respond to the blandishments of their ultimate overlord, the French king. In England the Crown was in control, but Richard's hasty arrangements left far too much scope for his intriguing brother, John. Richard's Sicilian policy and his alliance with Tancred won for him the enmity of the greatest potentate in Europe, the Emperor Henry VI, Barbarossa's son, whose wife had a better claim to the Sicilian throne than Tancred and whose hereditary enemy in Germany was Richard's brother-in-law, Henry of Saxony. Even his conquest of Cyprus caused offense to the leading German prince now in the East, Leopold of Austria, whose mother had been Isaac Comnenus's cousin and friend.

The story of Richard's Crusade has often been told. Its first

ph, the capture of Acre a month after his arrival, was not
achievement alone, though it would have been impossible
out his army; and his presence gave new vigor to the be-
ers. In spite of a severe illness he was always in the fore-
t of the fighting. After the capture of Acre, King Philip,
had been consistently ill since his arrival in the East,
ted on going home. Richard protested, but was not sorry
e left unquestioned leader of the Crusade. It was not an
role. The Frenchmen left behind by Philip did not gladly



King Richard's seal, 1198. (*British Museum.*)

obey his orders, nor did the Palestinian Frankish barons though they played their part bravely when there was actual fighting. Nor did Richard's natural arrogance help to smooth things down. But his military prowess was admitted and respected.

Richard's first action as supreme commander was one which has cast an indelible stain on his name. Saladin had not been able to relieve Acre, and on its fall he sent to the Christian captives to make arrangements to redeem the Saracens captured in the city. His terms were accepted; but Richard complained that the first installment of the payment was incorrect. He was impatient to get on with the war, and the presence of nearly three thousand captives with their wives and children was an embarrassment to him. Refusing to accept Saladin's reasonable explanation, he ordered the cold-blooded massacre of all the prisoners. It was an unparalleled breach of faith and of charity.

When the slaughter was over, Richard led his army southward for the recapture of Jerusalem. In this terrible march, in the height of summer down the Palestinian coast, Richard's genius shone at its brightest. He chose his camping-ground with care. He saw to it that the day's march was never too long. Moslem light cavalry hovered round him and picked off many of the French troops straggling in the rear, but Richard's ubiquitous presence preserved the discipline and the morale of the bulk of the army. After a fortnight, Saladin forced a battle on the plain of Arsuf. Richard's dispositions were excellent. His success in holding back his counterattack till the force of the Saracen assault was spent gave him at last the victory. It was not a decisive battle, but it showed the world that the great Saladin was not invincible; and it enabled the Crusaders to continue their march and to reach Jaffa, the port of Jerusalem. There Richard hesitated. His experience had shown him the difficulties of a campaign in Palestine. He tried to see what he could obtain by negotiation. There began a series of interviews between him and Saladin's brother al-Adil, known to the West as Saphadin, which continued for a year before a settlement was reached. In the course of them Richard and Saphadin became close friends, and Richard quite seriously suggested at one moment that his sister Joan should marry the Moslem prince and the two of them should own a mixed Moslem and Christian kingdom in Palestine. Joan's love for her brother was not g

ugh to make her welcome his idea, nor did Saphadin take seriously. Between the negotiations fighting was resumed. ce Richard led the army up almost to within sight of Jerusalem and then retired, to the bitter disappointment of his men of himself; his military sense told him that the capture of city was far too risky an enterprise. But he strengthened the istian hold all down the coast, building huge fortresses at a and Ascalon and capturing Daron, down on the Egyptian tier. Almost single-handed he defeated a sudden Moslem ck on Jaffa in July 1192; and the last battle of the Crusade, ght near Jaffa that August, was a victory for the Christians. superbly did Richard fight in it that, when his horse was ed under him, Saladin in admiration sent two horses with a om through the thick of the battle as a gift to his gallant y. By that time Richard was eager to be home. His health ad; he had news of trouble in England; and he despaired oing more for the Holy Land, whose political problems he er understood. The peace that he arranged restored to the istians the whole coast line of Palestine, though his fortress Ascalon was to be dismantled. The Christians were given the nt to make free pilgrimages to Jerusalem; and many of his owers availed themselves of the chance. But Richard could bring himself to see the city that he had failed to rescue. Among the pilgrims who went to Jerusalem was Hubert ter, Bishop of Salisbury and future Chancellor of England. was granted the honor of an interview with Saladin himself, d they discussed Richard's character. The Bishop credited a with every virtue, but Saladin, while paying tribute to Rich-'s courage, thought that he lacked wisdom and moderation. Saladin was right. Richard's Crusade would have been far e effective if his behavior had not been so unwisely arrogant. offended the Duke of Austria, who was the leader of the mans, by refusing to allow his banner to fly with the King's r conquered Acre. He let the French see that he despised r King, a man far cleverer, if less heroic, than himself. st of all, he lost the sympathy of nearly every baron in remer by giving his full support to the discredited ex-King y of Lusignan, whose family were his vassals and whose folly een a prime cause of Saladin's conquest of Jerusalem, and showing enmity to Conrad of Montferrat, the savior of Tyre n Saladin and the husband of the next heiress of Jerusalem,

whom the majority wished to see as their king. Richard climbed down, with bad grace; but soon afterward Conrad was murdered by an Ismaili assassin, with the result that Richard was held by some, without justification, to have inspired the murder. Fortunately, Count Henry of Champagne, whose mother was his sister both to Richard and to Philip of France, arrived to marry the widowed heiress and reconcile the factions. But Richard's dislike of Conrad was remembered against him; and his supporters even found it advisable to forge a letter from the head of the assassins, the Old Man of the Mountains, declaring Richard innocent of any complicity in Conrad's murder.

With the Moslems Richard's reputation remained high. The massacre of the prisoners was forgiven him as just another example of Christian perfidy, and his courage and military brilliance were held in respect. Moslem nurses would frighten naughty children by telling them that King Richard would snatch them away; while Saphadin felt so great an admiration for him that he allowed him to knight one of his sons, though presumably the Christian elements in the ceremony were omitted on this occasion.

Richard sailed from Palestine on October 9, 1192. His wife Berengaria and his sister Joan had left ten days before and had a pleasant voyage to France. But Richard's luck was out. Bad weather forced him to put in at Corfu; and he so feared that the Greeks might try to detain him, remembering his aggression on Cyprus, that he disguised himself as a Templar knight and took passage with four attendants in a pirate ship that was bound for the head of the Adriatic. This boat was wrecked near Aquileia. Richard then hurried with his attendants, still in disguise, intending to reach the lands of his brother-in-law, Henry of Saxony. But his arrogance belied him. He was recognized while at an inn near Vienna, and taken before his old enemy, Leopold of Austria. Leopold at once accused him of the murder of Conrad of Montferrat and threw him into prison. Three months later, in March 1193, Leopold handed him over to his suzerain, the Emperor, who equally disliked him. Henry VI kept him confined for a year, then released him on the payment of a huge ransom and an oath of allegiance. The confinement had not been severe. The legend of his favorite troubadour Blondel discovering him by singing under his window was a later fabrication. His whereabouts were well known. Indeed, he was visited by

ys from England and conducted business with them throughout his imprisonment. In his ample spare time he composed two poems that won a certain renown.

The five years of Richard's reign after his return from captivity have the appearance of an anticlimax. He found his lands in bad condition. His brother John's intrigues had upset the government of England, and in his French dominions King Philip's bribes had weakened the loyalty of his vassals. The need to raise money to pay for his ransom did not add to his popularity. But even before his return, Hubert Walter restored order in England, and his own presence there for two months after his release put the government on a firm footing. He concentrated on the re-establishment of his authority in France. King Philip was defeated in an encounter at Frétéval, near Vendôme, in the summer of 1194; and by a peace made at Mouvières in January 1196, and reaffirmed the following year, Richard recovered all the ground that had been lost. Meanwhile, drawing from his knowledge of military architecture acquired in the East, he refortified his frontiers, culminating the work with the magnificent pile of Château Gaillard, on a rock above the Seine, which rose with almost miraculous speed during the summer of 1197-8.

Richard was now at the height of his power. Philip of France had been humbled. The friendship of his chief enemy in the West had been obtained by the marriage of Queen Joan to the Count of Toulouse. His old enemy, the Emperor Henry VI, died in September 1197; and Richard's influence largely helped to secure the election of his own nephew, Otto of Brunswick, the son of Henry of Saxony, as King of the Romans and Emperor-elect. More than ever before he appeared to be the leading monarch in the West. But he himself seemed tired and embittered. His private life gave rise to scandal. He had never been reconciled with his wife since his return from captivity; and the presence of too many gay and vicious young men about his court provoked reproachful comments from the Church authorities. The popular preacher, Fulk of Neuilly, went so far as to accuse him to his face of being a slave to pride, avarice, and lust. Characteristically, Richard replied that he would make honorable marriages for these three daughters of his, giving pride to the Templars, avarice to the Cistercians, and lust to all his subjects. The end came in the spring of 1199. Lured by a false

report of treasure that had been withheld from him, Richard went to attack the small castle of Chalus in the Limousin; and there an arrow shot at random gave him a mortal wound. He passed ten days in agony, while the castle was captured and its garrison hanged, except for the knight who had shot the arrow. Richard ordered his life to be spared, but his followers flayed him alive. Queen Eleanor came to her son's deathbed, and it was said that Queen Berengaria arrived to see him once more. He died on April 6, in his forty-second year, and at his own wish was buried by his father's side in the abbey of Fontévrault, where in time his mother and his sister Joan would join him.

From the mere chronicle of his achievements it is a little difficult to understand the extraordinary glamour that from his own day onward has been attached to Richard's name. The surname of Lion-heart was given to him in his lifetime, probably because of his unquestioned personal bravery, though a later legend told of his single combat with a lion and of his wrenching the heart from the living beast. As a person there is no doubt but that he was arrogant, avaricious, and cruel, treacherous to his father, callous to his wife, and neglectful of his subjects. The only portrait of him that exists, his funeral effigy at Fontévrault, shows a man of fine physique and handsome features but with a narrow, ungenerous mouth. Yet he must have had great charm, for such diverse persons as Bertrand de Bors and Saladin to fall unwillingly but wholeheartedly victim to him. He showed a liking for poetry and music and the trappings of chivalry, and his conversation was not without wit. The writers in his entourage were devoted to him and found excuses for his misdeeds. The main secret to his renown lay partly in his gallantry and courage, and partly in his military genius. His soldiers worshipped him; and, indeed, their welfare was always his concern. For all his political unwisdom he was the greatest soldier of his time; and however fashionable pacifism may be, there is always a special glory that clings to military prowess. He was a supreme soldier in an age when soldiering was the noblest of professions. His contemporaries thought him great in spite of his faults; and though his faults loom larger now in the harsh light of history, we cannot deny him some elements of greatness.

When the White Man Came

Oliver La Farge

When first the white men set foot on the mainland of America, the American Indians as they are best known in popular fiction, cinema, and the folklore of the United States and Europe, did not exist. The magnificently attired, nomadic horsemen of the Great Plains, hunters and warriors, were a by-product of European culture. The advent of the white men created in North America, first, a period of rapid development and flux, then a standstill that put an end to an interesting, long process of evolution.

The Americas had been settled entirely, or almost entirely, by migrants from Asia, crossing what is now the Bering Strait from Siberia into Alaska, then working down through the twin continents. Siberia was an end-place, a refuge for backward peoples, far removed from the Old World's centers of evolving culture. The people who crossed from there into the New World were far behind their contemporaries of more favored lands to the south, and after they had crossed over, the Arctic reaches of Siberia, as well as the intervening water, insulated them from the Old World's cumulative discoveries. Except in elementary accomplishments, perhaps including the use of the bow, the settlers of the New World did their own inventing. It

is not surprising, then, to find them lagging three or four thousand years behind the peoples of the Eastern Hemisphere.

Civilization, connected with the farming of maize, dawned in two centers; in the general vicinity of Peru, and in "Meso-America," which embraces southern Mexico and northern Central America. In state of advancement when the Spaniards invaded them, these centers were roughly comparable to late Neolithic Egypt. The Meso-American civilization had reached the stage of city-states and was moving on, under the Aztecs, to a true empire. It had a system of writing and, at least among the Mayas, highly advanced mathematics and astronomy. It was still a Stone Age civilization, but it worked both copper and gold, and was upon the threshold of a Bronze Age.

Influences from Meso-America spread into North America as did those of Egypt, Crete, and the Euphrates Valley into Europe. The impulses followed two main routes. One was over land, across the deserts of northern Mexico, into what American anthropologists call "the Southwest Culture Area," which consists roughly of the states of Arizona and New Mexico and

Virginia Indians, from an old engraving. (*Bettmann Archive.*)



bordering areas on all sides—its extent varying from period to period.

Farming was established in the Southwest of the United States some two thousand years ago, followed by pottery-making and the development of settled, village life. Various peoples, with somewhat different cultures, rose to pre-eminence at different times. Best known, and still flourishing today, are the Pueblo Indians (given the name Pueblos by the Spaniards, because they lived in true villages or small towns, made up of rows of solid, flat-roofed houses built of sun-dried bricks or adobe). These people dressed in woven garments of coarse cotton, often handsomely decorated, supplemented by buckskin moccasins. Typically, they wore their hair clubbed at the back. Farming was their principal source of livelihood; hunting was secondary. They made fine pottery and practiced other advanced crafts. Ruled by theocracies, they were classless, and although the priestly officials had arbitrary power and imposed the most military discipline, ultimate authority lay in the council of the whole and the system was basically democratic. To them warfare was at best a necessary evil; their choice was peace. They could and on occasion did fight well, as their descendants have done in World War II and in Korea, but they have no glory of war.

The Pueblo tribe, the Hopis of Arizona, have a distinctly pacifist doctrine. Even their name, "Hopi," means "peaceful." Not only among them will not fight under any circumstances, and they have latterly been classed as conscientious objectors. They never engage in any physical encounter among themselves, and perhaps because of this they carry grudges, retail scandal, bicker, and complain about each other as do no other people I have ever known.

And the Southwestern farmers sought peace. It was their ill fortune that, beginning some time in the thirteenth century, there appeared among them bands of one of the most notorious fighting and raiding peoples of the world, the Apaches, and that in historic times the Comanches and Kiowas, two of the most aggressive of the Plains tribes, settled on their eastern marches. The Apaches, by the way, seldom took scalps until well into the nineteenth century, when they adopted the practice in revenge against white scalpers. One group of Apaches, the Bedonkoos, who are now, with a population of over 75,000, the

largest single North American tribe, took over the Pueblos' of farming and weaving, developing the latter to a high perfection. Later, they took over silversmithing and herding from Spaniards. These advances, however, did not halt their raids. In the 1850's they used to state frankly that they did not want the Spanish settlers or the Pueblos, because they preferred to keep them productive so that they might prey upon them. They are one of the few North American tribes who thoroughly deserved the whipping they finally got.

The Meso-American influences seem to have reached Southwest in filtered form, and beyond its immediate area extended only feebly—in part because the high, western Plateau to the east and the rugged Rocky Mountains to the north were ill-suited to farming. Seemingly more direct and powerful were the influences that entered by the second route, along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico or over its waters, to the basin of the Mississippi and across the Southeastern part of the United States. Certain objects that have been found in the Southeast, especially some engravings on shell, unquestionably of local execution, require us to conclude that the artists must personally have visited the Mayas of Yucatan, since the engravings are tolerable representations of typical figures from Mayan bas-reliefs or wall-paintings.

The series of cultures that grew up across the coastal, southern United States from Florida to about the Texas border, that worked up the Mississippi river system almost to Canada, is known by the inclusive term "Mound-Builder," since their carriers were given to erecting striking artificial mounds for various purposes. Many were bases for temples or the dwellings of chiefs, others principally for funerary purposes. Some took the form of effigies, gigantic serpents and other figures. The last can be appreciated today by flying over them; as large as they often are, it must have been difficult for their builders to view their own handiwork.

Generalizing broadly, it may be said that the Mound-Builder had highly advanced crafts, including pottery, modeling, carving, work in shell, and some work in copper. Unlike the Mayas and Mexicans, they did not build with stone and mortar, although some of their temple mounds strikingly resemble the simple topped Meso-American "pyramids." It is clear from the archaeological evidence that they had class distinctions

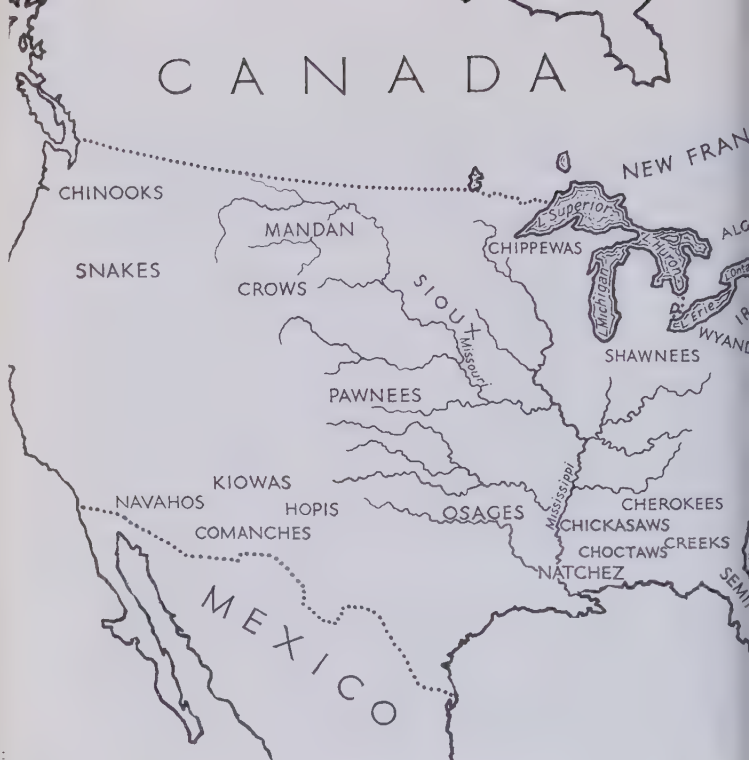
ably royalty. The level of their semicivilizations decreases as one moves from south to north. Like nascent civilizations in the Old World, they were overrun by barbarians from time to time, who first destroyed, then adopted, then carried forward the advancement.

An invasion probably occurred not long before the Spaniards landed in North America. The peoples they encountered were somewhat less advanced than those who had occupied the region, and often the same sites, before them. None the less, they were far from being mere savages. In a favorable, fertile environment, they practiced agriculture on a large scale. Their tools were well developed, their social organization elaborate, and they had a nobility and royalty.

The most remarkable class-system was that of the Natchez on the Mississippi. The tribe was divided into two moieties or halves, the aristocracy and the common people, or "Stinkers." The aristocracy was graded into "Suns" (royalty), "Nobles," and "Honored People." The aristocracy could not marry within its own moiety, hence had to marry Stinkers. When a woman married a Stinker, her children inherited her rank; a male aristocrat's children by a Stinker mother, however, were rated one rank lower than their father, so that the children of an Honored Person became Stinkers. The Stinker moiety could marry outside its moiety. Thus, the supply of common people was maintained, while the numbers of the aristocracy were limited by a steady downward movement, and even the royal line was consciously refreshed by marriage with the common stock.

Unlike the Southwesterners, the Southeasterners considered the capture of man's principal occupations. They took scalps, and derived great pleasure from torturing a strong, healthy captive to death. They killed women and children as willingly as they killed men. They were both highly advanced and thoroughly bloodthirsty. One of the largest tribes, the Creeks, was divided into two moieties, the "White" and the "Red" clans. Whites dominated certain towns, Reds others. Whites were peaceful, fought only in self-defense, and a captive who took sanctuary in a White town was exempt from torture or death. There was a tendency to select rulers from White clans, while war chiefs, of course, were Reds.

The tribes the white men found in the Southeast were vigorous and able barbarians, ripe for advancement. The four great



Regions occupied by the principal Indian tribes at the end of the eighteenth century. (Map by S. H. Perrin.)

tribes of the high center of the culture, the Cherokees, Creek, Choctaws, and Chickasaws, and their Florida neighbors, the Seminoles, were able to hold the white men at bay all through Colonial times. In the early nineteenth century, the Cherokees had organized themselves under a written constitution, had a parliament, owned printing presses, had established schools, and with the others not too far behind them were in a fair way to show that an unconquered native people could advance under its own steam to parity with Europeans. Unfortunately, the white man's ruthless perfidy, his chronic inability to keep his promises, led to the breaking of the famous "Five Civilized Tribes" and their forcible removal to Oklahoma, so that the demonstration was never completed.

As already noted, the culture of the Southwest spread out only slowly from that center. By contrast, east, west, and north of the Mississippi Basin, the core of the Southeast, was excellent farming land. The agricultural complex therefore spread until it was established, with varying degrees of emphasis, along the whole Atlantic coast well into northern New England, westward to the edge of the prairie country in Kansas and neighboring states, and northwestward almost to the Canadian border and to Montana. In parts of the Northeast, it had crossed into Canada. With it went other elements of the higher culture, including often enough, unfortunately, scalping and torture. It is due to Southeastern influences on social structure that Captain John Smith could reasonably regard Powhatan as a king and Pocahontas as a princess.

An important factor in the spread of higher culture northward was the invasion of the Iroquois, related to the Cherokees, in late prehistoric times. We know of the Iroquois through the fiction of Fenimore Cooper, who stressed their ability as hunters and warriors, their cruelty and their ferocity. They were certainly more warlike than the simpler Algonkians among whom they forced themselves. They also practiced more extensive agriculture, had a more elaborate social system, and more advanced arts. They are one of the few New World peoples among whom one finds elements of matriarchy. Five, and perhaps six, of the Iroquois tribes formed the famous League of the Iroquois, which has continued in vestigial form to this day. That union was so effective that it was studied by the framers of the American constitution, whom it is believed to have influenced.

Like the great Southeastern tribes, the League of the Iroquois held the balance of power in the north. They were successfully courted by the Dutch, and after them by the English. The serious error of allying themselves with the Iroquois' enemies was fatal to their empire. The League secured treaties with the English and the Americans that give them special rights that endure to this day. Now largely mixed in blood, well adapted to our civilization, they still jealously guard their sovereign rights. Thus, in the First World War, they made their own declaration of war against Germany and raised their own troops, and entered the National Guard as volunteers. In World War II they went to law to avoid being drafted—though unsuccessful.

fully—not because they did not intend to fight, but because it was an invasion of their sovereignty.

Among some of the outlying peoples, farming was only a supplement to hunting and fishing; none, however, were nomads. The Southeasterners lived in towns. Their houses were thatched, without walls in the hottest regions, elsewhere with stick or wattle-and-dub walls. To the northeastward, the people built wigwams, often very large buildings, with rounded roofs, covered with slabs of bark, solid and not designed to be moved about. The westerners along the southeastern border of the Plains lived in villages of dome-shaped houses made of poles and brush. To the west of them roamed the great herds of bison. Once a year, when the bison migration approached their territory, they left their settlements in a body for a big hunt. On those trips they used conical hide tents, the teepees of our literature and folklore, but reduced in size, since the long poles and heavy covers had to be hauled either by human beings or dogs.

To the northwest were such tribes as the Siouan-speaking Mandan and Hidatsa, who built great earth lodges. These buildings were dug out, so that nearly half their volume was underground. The upper part was strongly made of poles, covered with thick layers of earth. The lodges were so large that, in historic times, the people took their horses inside with them. In fine weather the inhabitants sat and worked on the roofs. These northwesterners, too, went out on annual hunts, on which they lived in teepees.

With the mention of the tribes along the northern agriculture border, the earth-lodge people of the west, the Iroquois, and their Algonkian neighbors such as the Mohicans, we touch for the first time upon Indians who correspond in some degree to our popular concepts. Of all of them, however, only the northwestern group wore war-bonnets, the elaborate feather headdresses we associate with Indians—or, at least, were wearing them when white men first encountered them. We lack archaeological evidence of the antiquity of this regalia. They also dressed in elaborately fringed buckskin and decorated their garments with large areas of dyed porcupine quill, the predecessor to beadwork.

Some Southwestern tribes also decorated their heads elaborately with feathers for religious ceremonies, but otherwise

d them little or not at all. In the Southeast, some tribes wore feather turbans. Some eastern tribes shaved their heads on both sides, leaving a roach standing up along the crown, to which they might attach a feather or two. Others emphasized the effect by tying on an artificial roach of deer-tail hairs, dyed black, with from one to three feathers standing up on it. War bonnets, and the awarding of eagle plumes for military achievements, were limited to hardly a dozen tribes. After the Indians had been subjugated and they began dealing with tourists and exhibiting themselves as a source of income, under the influence of the white man's expectation, and later of the movies, the wearing of war bonnets spread; thus, today one sees Indians whose ancestors never dreamed of tying on a feather crowned with a collection of Dakota chiefs at a ceremonial council, because that, they have learned, is how Red Indians are supposed to look.

In the New World before the white men came, a familiar process was going on. In Meso-America, city-states, confederacies, and empires rose and fell, barbarians from the north poured in, conquered, and then were conquered by the culture they had overrun. (The Peruvian civilization stood in somewhat the same relationship to Meso-America as the Chinese did to the Mesopotamian-Egyptian.) As it had done in the Old World, civilization advanced, was set back, and advanced again. In the United States, the influence of this culture reached out, always increasing. Those tribes that could farm, farmed—east of the Rockies. On the high Plains, the bison country, were not appealing to foot soldiers. They were sparsely occupied, but wherever possible they were farmed.

The Rocky Mountains blocked off the civilizing influences. Behind them, clear to the Pacific Coast, the tribes were innocent of crops, even where the land was favorable. On the Northwest Coast, in what is now the northwestern corner of the United States, British Columbia, and southern Alaska, a high culture was developing without agriculture. The territory is mountainous, heavily forested, rich for hunting and fishing, overflowing with salmon. The winters are chilly and wet, the summers cool and damp. It is a climate in which buckskin will not serve, and hostile to agriculture without advanced, modern techniques. It is especially unfavorable for corn.

Where the hunting, fishing, and gathering of wild edible

plants is so rich that the people need not move about and can enjoy plenty of leisure, cultures may advance easily without planting. That was the happy situation of the Northwest Coast tribes. They developed a social system with nobles, commoners, and slaves. They were rich in material possessions. They were seamen, roving the coast for war, trade, or social visits, and putting out to take whales in great wooden canoes. They made no pottery, and in a lavishly timbered land, theirs was heavily a wood culture. They built large, solid wooden houses, painted them with symbolic designs, and proclaimed their rank and ancestry by setting before them the well-known totem poles. They made wooden chests and vessels of all sizes and for innumerable uses. They became great carvers, and the best of their work in wood, soft stone, bone, and horn is high art. They also worked some copper.

A Northwest Coast chief, barefoot, dressed in a cedar-bark loin cloth and a blanket of mountain goats' wool, the white ground almost hidden by a striking, overall, symbolic design of blue-green, yellow, and black, in his hand a carved and painted symbol of his position, on his head an elaborate, decorated hat of basketwork, looked about as little like the usual conception of a Red Indian as would a Zulu. Today his descendants, when they meet a steamer-load of tourists with eager cameras, don war bonnets.

Throughout most of Canada and in parts of the northern United States roved tribes as yet untouched by influences from the Northwest Coast or from the south. They moved as the hunting and fishing required; they were in the main teepee dwellers; they lived simply. In time, except where sub-Arctic conditions forbade farming, cultural influences were bound to reach them. In time, the fringes of Meso-American progress were bound to meet those of the Northwest Coast. Given a period of time equal to that extending from the first dynasties of Egypt to the arrival of the Renaissance in Britain, most of North America below the sub-Arctic would have been at least as civilized as was Europe when Columbus set sail, and that civilization would have been interestingly different from that which evolved in the Old World.

But it was not to be, for suddenly the white men came thrusting out of Spanish-conquered Mexico and from the eastern seaboard. The great Spanish contribution was the loosing of the

s. The *conquistadores* forbade Indians to own horses or to ride, but the horses increased fantastically on the open e, turned wild, and spread out through the Plains and up the Pacific coast. The Apaches caught them, and over-

a-Jon, an Assiniboin chief, arriving in Washington (left), and on his way (right), 1832. Engraving after Catlin. (*Bettmann Archive.*)



night turned from a humble, rather thievish, impoverished people into a murderous plague of raiders.

In the east the white men both displaced the tribes and introduced them to firearms. Coastal tribes retreated inland, driving inland tribes across the Mississippi. On the Canadian border the Chippewas, under pressure from whites, received guns. Thus armed, they drove the Dakota Sioux, who lived west of them, out of the woodlands into the inhospitable Plains just in time to meet, in the year 1722, the first Spanish horses ranging north. First they ate horses, then the idea of taming and riding them came up from the south. The Sioux were mounted; the brief and glorious age of the Plains Indians had started, ready to greet the white men when they arrived.

The American Indian story upsets many established folk notions about the progress of man, as, for instance, that a primitive, "savage" people is usually more warlike than a more civilized one, or that command of agriculture is necessary for reaching a high cultural level. Consider also the Absaroka, or Crow Indians. Related to the Mandan and Hidatsa already mentioned, like them they lived in fixed villages, planted goodly fields, and moved out on to the Plains for a yearly hunt. There they acquired horses. Mounted, they could supply themselves with all the meat they wanted all the year round, and eat only choice cuts at that. With more bison hides than they knew what to do with and with horses to drag the teepee poles and covers they could double and triple the size of their tents. They could carry a sizable collection of goods with them wherever they went—but not pottery, which breaks too easily. So they moved out, progressing—backward, according to conventional ideas—from farming and fixed abodes to hunting nomadism, thus becoming one of the archetypical Plains Indian tribes.

The arrival of the white men, and of the English in particular, set most of North America in motion. The Spaniards came to conquer, to rule new peoples and levy tribute upon them; the English came to settle empty lands, and if the lands turned out to be occupied took steps to empty them. The French were intermediate. The great stirring up, the advent of horses, metal tools, firearms, beads, wool, and other such novelties, created new cultures, a strange, rapid flowering—until, as the white men pressed on across the continent, everything came to an end.

Formosa: The Historical Background

Burnard Selby

Throughout most of its history, Formosa has been a frontier society; sometimes a colony in name, nearly always a colony in fact. It has been perpetually on the fringe of civilizations: a land that demanded resourcefulness to settle and dogged determination to stay in and cultivate. On the west coast, the island is flat, with shallow anchorages and dune-covered beaches. The land rises gradually to the east, where a series of parallel mountain ranges intersect Formosa from north to south. The highest peak, Mt. Yushan, reaches 13,000 feet, and along the east coast are some of the most rugged cliffs in the world.

Civilization moved from west to east: up the foothills in the wake of the settlers, as they planted rice and sugar, and searched for camphor trees. In front was the receding aboriginal frontier; behind, the apparatus of organized administration—military garrisons, tax officials, and teachers, too, for all the governments of Formosa have been great believers in cultural penetration.

But if, in one aspect, the story of Formosa is a pioneering saga of the spread of civilization, in another it tells of a struggle as to which civilization should prevail. Formosa is a marginal island. It lies 90 miles off the east coast of China, 225 miles



the noble savage

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orth of the Philippines and 350 miles southwest of Okinawa, until 1945 the outpost of Japanese influence in the Ryukyu archipelago. From all three directions Formosa has been influenced, more or less in proportion to the distances from the island of each civilization. China, Japan, and the maritime traders from the south have thus all played a part. Only for twenty-one years in the seventeenth century did Formosa enjoy a genuine separate existence of its own under the rule of the family of Coxinga. Being half Chinese and half Japanese, and relying to some extent on trade with the English, the Coxinga dynasty seems to have combined in some degree all three civilizing influences.

The first identifiable inhabitants of Formosa are the aborigines, as they are usually called, though they were not native to the island. They came from the south, probably from Borneo, about the end of the sixth century A.D., and a Chinese expedition found them in possession of the island of Great Liuchiu, as they called it, as early as A.D. 605. The aborigines were a primitive people, tall, dark, and robust, with similar customs to the Dyaks of Borneo. They lived in "populous villages not acknowledging any superior," and spent a great deal of their time in tribal war. "In so much," wrote a Dutch visitor in the seventeenth century, "that peace never set foot in that island." They showed a persistent dislike of settled agriculture and of the benefits of civilization which Dutch, Chinese, and Japanese administrators successively tried to impose upon them. The Chinese settlers, who from the seventeenth century onward encroached on their hunting grounds in the foothills, found them savage opponents.

The reputation of the aborigines discouraged the early Chinese expeditions from establishing regular contact with Formosa. There seemed to be no obvious trading advantages, and no authority on the island willing to pay tribute and respect to the Emperor. The Chinese annals repaid this insult by ignoring the existence of Great Liuchiu for centuries. Not until 1430 did they refer to Formosa again. But it was now called by them Keelung, after an anchorage on the north coast. This lack of any official expedition before the eunuch Wan San Ho called in that year, on his way back from a voyage to Siam, does not mean that in the meanwhile there were no contacts at all with the mainland. On the contrary, it seems quite likely that Formosa was frequently visited by traders and pirates. The route of the

junks, bringing spices from the Malay archipelago, lay along the west coasts of Borneo, Luzon, and Formosa. The island provided a neutral ground for the transshipment of goods between China and Japan, especially when trade between the two countries was interrupted by war or forbidden by decree. In the shelter of Formosa, Japanese copper and silver, Chinese silk and porcelain, could be exchanged for the spices and skins of the south.

The old pattern of trade was only in part distorted by the arrival of European fleets in the Eastern seas. But when the Portuguese set up a trading post at Macao in 1557, and the Spaniards founded Manila on the island of Luzon, legitimate traders were attracted away from Formosa, "the beautiful island" as the Portuguese had christened it. The Japanese pirates, who had made their headquarters on Formosa, themselves had to range farther afield. They sacked villages on the Chinese mainland coasts of Fukien and Kwangtung and caused great distress in these overpopulated provinces. Peasant families with an unusual spirit of daring were driven to emigrate. Formosa was their choice of a new settlement, but there was no love lost between the different groups of Chinese emigrants; they brought their feuds with them into the island. The Hakkas from Kwangtung were industrious and enterprising; the Hoklos from Fukien were conservative, and despised the Hakkas as outcasts. On the common struggle against the aborigines, who were not respecters of such differences, kept the feuds in Formosa partly in check. When the Chinese settlers arrived on the island, they found not only the aborigines and the pirates, but a regular Japanese trading colony. Merchants from Nagasaki had set up a factory at Taiwan, "Terraced Bay," the best roadstead on the west coast of the island in the early seventeenth century, though it is now silted up. Japanese expansion seemed likely to absorb Formosa politically as well as economically. The Ryukyu Islands to the north were brought under the influence of the Japanese lord of Satsuma, and the Shogun Ieyasu sent two official expeditions to Taiwan in 1609 and 1616 to receive the submission of the island. This, however, neither the Chinese settlers nor the aborigines were prepared to offer.

In the event, it was not the Japanese who took over responsibility for Formosa but the Dutch East India Company. In their powerful leadership and rich resources, the Dutch had

riven the Portuguese out of Java and the spice islands. They followed them into Chinese waters and attacked Macao in 1622. Baffled there, they captured a base in the Pescadores Islands about twenty-five miles west of Formosa. The Ming Government of China persuaded them to exchange it for Formosa itself, which they said was not officially Chinese territory.

The Dutch fleet arrived at Taiwan in 1624. They made it their headquarters, and on an island sandbank off the shore built an impressive fort, called Zeelandia, which became the seat of the governor and the site of the storehouse, chapel, and prison—the symbols of their rule. A smaller fort was erected on the mainland of Formosa to overawe the Chinese settlers, 25,000 strong, according to one account. The first Dutch objective was to get rid of the Japanese merchants. To discourage them, taxes were imposed on exports; their junks were seized and their cargoes confiscated. The Japanese merchants appealed to the shogun; they even seized the Dutch governor as a hostage. But they got no redress, and withdrew in disgust in 1628. There was now a new commercial rival in Formosa. Two years before the departure of the Japanese, the Spaniards from Luzon set up a trading post at Keelung in the north of the island. The Dutch merchants resented the Spaniards' big trading reserves of Mexican silver, and the Calvinists objected to Dominican missionary work among the aborigines; but it was not till 1642 that the Dutch sent an expedition to Keelung, drove out the Spaniards, and became the sole political authority in the island.

Sole political authority did not, in fact, involve much more than control over four coastal settlements and a slight hold on the area between them. The Dutch regarded the Chinese settlers as politically unreliable and dangerous competitors in trade. They imposed a capitation tax on the Chinese, as well as high export duties, and usually favored the aborigines at their expense. In 1652 the Chinese settlers rebelled, and burned the settlement at Sakkam, opposite Taiwan. The Dutch retaliated sharply, broke the back of the rebellion and drove the remnants of the insurgents into the mountains, where the aborigines made short work of them. Between the Dutch and the aborigines there was indeed a tacit working alliance. It seems to have been influenced by the Calvinist ministers and teachers, who built churches and schools and claimed by 1651 to have converted nearly 6,000 aborigines to Christianity. These settled

aborigines were known as Pepohuan. The Dutch found the "good-natured and faithful," but they were despised alike by the Chinese settlers and by the savage aborigines. For its part the East India Company did not entirely approve of the missionaries' work: it was liable to interfere with trade, which was their main concern. Very profitable this trade was. Silver was sent to the mainland port of Amoy, with foodstuffs, deerskins and drugs, and there exchanged for raw silk and silk goods. This was a "stolen trade," without the official approval of the Chinese authorities, and the silks had to be smuggled on board the visiting Dutch vessels by night. But there was a high return to be obtained on "China goods" in Japan, where they were exchanged for Japanese copper and gold, so highly valued in India. For all this flourishing commerce Formosa was now the entrepôt.

It is hardly surprising that Dutch predominance should be challenged. But the challenge came from an unexpected quarter. The Ming empire in China was in a state of dissolution and the Manchu dynasty had not yet gained complete control. The situation was fluid enough for a dramatic and vigorous personality to impose a new pattern upon events. Such a personality emerged. He was the son of a Chinese adventurer, half merchant, half pirate, and he was born in the Japanese port of Hirado to a Japanese woman in 1624. His original name was Cheng, but the Europeans called him Coxinga, with half a dozen variants on the spelling. This name is a corruption of the title "Kok-Seng-Ya," or Lord of the Imperial Surname, which was bestowed upon Cheng by one of the last Ming pretenders. On behalf of the Ming dynasty, he fought many battles on the mainland of China, and his courage, intelligence, and daring put new hope into a lost cause. But in 1659, beneath the walls of Nanjing, he was defeated by the Manchus; the Ming pretender took refuge in Burma, and appeals to the Japanese remained unanswered. Coxinga was left to his own resources. He had a powerful fleet of 3,000 junks, and bases on the mainland at Amoy as well as the islands of Quemoy and Haitan. It only required a headquarter in the rear where he would be protected by the sea. Coxinga turned inevitably to Formosa. In April 1661, he captured the Pescadores, always the first move in an attack on Formosa. At the end of the month, taking advantage of an exceptionally high tide and a thick fog, he made a surprise landing at Taiwan. The Dutch garrison entrenched at Fort Ze-

landia refused to surrender, but the rest of the area was soon occupied and Coxinga settled down to a siege of the fort. The Dutch put their hopes in a relieving fleet, which might get help from the Manchus, but after nine-month siege, they finally gave in on generous terms and their stay of thirty-eight years came abruptly to an end.

Coxinga set up his court at Fort Zeelandia, which he renamed An-ping. Thence he sent an embassy to Manila, under the Jesuit Father Ricci, calling upon the Spanish governor to surrender the Philippines. This ultimatum was rejected and caused much alarm to the Chinese in the Philippines, who feared a Spanish massacre in revenge. But before Coxinga received the Spanish reply, he was dead, and the plan for an attack on Luzon was abandoned. Some accounts suggest that he died insane, others that he caught a chill. So many legends have grown up round his name that it is impossible to be sure.

His son, Cheng Ching• succeeded him as "King of Tywan" and carried on most of his father's policies, though at a slower tempo. Both these rulers of the Cheng family were extremely gifted and possessed of shrewd statesmanship. They determined to make Formosa an example of good government to the rest of China. Even their enemies, the Manchus, admitted their success: "your father and yourself have introduced civilization in Formosa." Chinese law and administrative methods were adopted. Schools for training the literati were opened, and every three years examinations were held for the selection of officials in accordance with classical Chinese methods. Coxinga had toured the whole western half of the island from Taiwan to Keelung, trying as far as possible to conciliate the aborigines as well as the Chinese settlers. The troops he had carried over with him were settled on the land as colonists and encouraged to bring new land into cultivation. Emigrants from China were given as much land as they could farm, and offered immunity from taxation for the first three years. Cheng Ching maintained this economic policy. He brought in new sugar-cane plants from Fukien and established a Formosan salt industry. While food production increased, taxes were kept low by the revenues from trade profits. The English Captain Lymbrey, who took rather a jaundiced view of the way the "King of Tywan" rigged the

• The Europeans called "Coxinga" at least three generations of the Cheng family.

market, wrote: "the king is the only merchant, and with the commodities of this place and some few China goods, he drives a profitable trade to Japan . . . Cochin China, Cambogia and Malacca to the Manilas . . . which furnishes him with money to maintain his army." It was a brilliantly conceived mercantilist policy. The army was kept busy increasing the food supply and the whole economy was buttressed by the profits of trade.

But there was work for the fleet overseas. The Dutch East India Company combined with the Manchus in 1664 to capture the mainland base Amoy and the isle of Quemoy; so for a few unprofitable years the Dutch settled again at Keelung on the north coast of Formosa. Then a new factor entered the picture. In 1670, the English East India Company, on the lookout for a foothold in the trade with China and Japan, sent a ship from their headquarters in Java to Taiwan. They entered into a contract with Cheng Ching to supply him with guns, powder, and munitions of war. In return, they were offered a third share in the trade of Formosa. That might mean an opening on the mainland if Cheng Ching should recapture Amoy. The opportunity came in 1674. A full-scale rebellion broke out against the Manchus, and the Prince of Fukien invited Cheng Ching back to Amoy, where the English merchants were offered free trade for three years.

But the plans for Anglo-Formosan co-operation went awry. Cheng Ching complained about the small amounts and infrequent deliveries of munitions of war. The English merchants found that they could not make a satisfactory deal with the "King of Tywan"; he appropriated their gunners and went back on his offer of free trade at Amoy. Worse was to follow. Cheng Ching had overreached himself on the mainland. The Prince of Fukien returned to the Manchus, and there were rumors of treason among Cheng Ching's commanders. The Manchus closed in again on Amoy, but Cheng Ching did not wait for an attack. He fled to Taiwan in April 1680 and many of his junks deserted to the enemy. The English were indignant. They had lost the stock at Amoy, and they saw treason and cowardice lurking in high places. On Formosa morale went to pieces. Cheng Ching died early in 1681. His eldest son, able but illegitimate, was forced to commit suicide by a conspiracy headed by Coxinga's widow and some of his generals. His younger brother, twelve years old, succeeded him in name. But the end was near. "A

in disorder, the militia not paid and it is presumed the Kinga Chinese will put up little resistance to the Tartar seaver." This Dutch prophecy was correct. When the Manchu Admiral captured the Pescadores and offered a general amnesty, young "King of Tywan" surrendered. He was sent to Peking and made a duke of the Empire; and Formosa was incorporated for the first time in the realm of China. It became a prefecture of the mainland province of Fukien under the local authority of the Censor of Taiwan.

Under Manchu rule, the administrative level fell away from the standards of the Coxingas. The governor of Fukien seldom bothered to visit the island and the local officials, whose tour of duty was limited to three years, were mainly interested in extracting as much profit from their exile as possible. By the early eighteenth century, misgovernment had become chronic. The salt and camphor industries were made a government monopoly, the terms of which were savagely enforced. At frequent intervals between 1720 and 1833 rebellions broke out. None had any lasting success, but the island was thereby kept in a state of turbulence. The pattern was always a variation on a series of constants: settlers against government, aborigines against settlers; Hakkas against Hoklos. These disputes became more formidable as the secret societies developed during the later eighteenth century.

In spite of unrest, immigrants poured into Formosa, and the island's export trade in rice and sugar rapidly developed. By the middle of the nineteenth century, Formosa was advancing toward the state of a settled society. Except in one respect. The Chinese authorities refused to take on responsibility for pacifying the aborigines. Their hand was forced when Formosa was opened to foreign trade in 1860. The English and American consuls at Taiwan and Tamsui were most affected by this problem, but the aborigines persisted in massacring the crews of vessels wrecked on the coast. But it was Japan that finally took drastic action. She sent an expeditionary force to Formosa in retaliation for the massacre of the crew of a Ryukyu trading vessel. The Chinese authorities lost face badly by this development; they were obliged to assume responsibility in the future, but they hoped to preserve their influence in the island. As a consequence of the need to control the aborigines, they began to take a general interest in the affairs of the island. Adminis-

tration was overhauled, and the capital transferred from Taiwan to a new city at Taipeh in the north. Formosa was made a separate province, no longer under the governor of Fukien. New roads, a railway line, and telegraph communication broke down the isolation of the interior. This work was interrupted by French invasion in 1884, at the end of a war between France and China, but it went ahead rapidly in the following decade. By 1894, compared with the rest of the empire, Formosa was a model Chinese province.

It was thus extremely galling to China that Japan insisted on the cession of Formosa as a condition for ending the Sino-Japanese war of 1894-5. The Japanese met resistance when they occupied the island, and two shadowy Republican Independent governments were set up momentarily in Taipeh and Tainan. Organized fighting collapsed quickly; but what the Japanese called "banditry" lasted until 1902.

Japanese rule in Formosa lasted fifty years. It was highly centralized, strict, and efficient. There was no concession to Chinese or separatist feeling, and public criticism was severely repressed by the police. The aborigines were ruthlessly hunted down and forced to accept a settled agricultural life. Those who gave way were treated fairly; the rest were eliminated. Nevertheless, Japanese rule brought great advantages to Formosa. Malaria and cholera were stamped out; a good network of railways and roads was completed. The Japanese reformed the laws, bought out absent landlords, and set up farmers' organizations to improve production. They gave a preferential tariff to Formosan sugar and imported large quantities of Formosan rice into Japan. Light industries sprang up, and a hydroelectric development scheme was begun. Even though many of its installations were damaged by Allied bombing, Formosa was a well-run and prosperous community when Japanese rule was brought to an end in 1945.

Formosa had been used to honest, if severe, administration under the Japanese, and the extortion of the Chinese Nationalist officials in the island in the year after the end of the war provoked a rebellion which was suppressed by the governor with considerable violence. General Chiang-Kai-Shek was informed of what had happened by the American ambassador and took

• The name Taiwan was by this time associated with the whole island. The town was renamed Tainan.

immediate action; he dismissed the governor and instituted a number of reform measures which gave Formosa a measure of self-government. Since the Nationalist government took refuge in the island in 1949, the provincial administration has been run largely by Formosans, although they are subordinate to the Nationalist authorities on matters of general policy.

Formosa seems to be at a turning point in its history. Colonization has been practically completed. The frontier of settlement has reached the east coast and some eight million people now live on the island—all, except about 150,000, Chinese of one sort or another. The strategic pattern has once more changed. Japan has withdrawn, but the call from the Chinese mainland is strong. It is not surprising that in Formosa now there is a revival of the cult of Coxinga.

Formosans refuse allegiance to Japan and proclaim a short-lived republic, 1895. From a Japanese print. (*Bettmann Archive*.)



Lincoln and Public Morality

John Hope Franklin

Shortly before Abraham Lincoln left Springfield for his first inauguration, he dispatched the following message to Isaac Fenno, a wholesale clothing merchant of Boston:

Your note of the 1st inst., together with a very substantial and handsome overcoat which accompanied it by Express, were duly received by me, and would have been acknowledged sooner but for the multifarious demands upon my time and attention.

Permit me now to thank you sincerely for your elegant and valuable New Year's gift, and the many expressions of personal confidence and regard contained in your letter.

There is no suggestion in Lincoln's letter that the acknowledgement of the overcoat was delayed because of some indecision regarding the propriety of accepting it. Nor is there any indication in this or other expressions of the new President that he did not know precisely what to do about such matters. He was already quite aware of the fact that he would be harassed by the demands on his time, strains on his patience, and impositions on his good nature not only by zealous patriots and good citizens but also by persons whose base motives and low moral

were all too obvious. It was, perhaps, this very awareness of the pressures to which he would be subjected that sharpened Lincoln's understanding of the limits of propriety *and* morality in dealing with matters related to the public service. But even as his understanding increased, Lincoln must have been impressed with the numerous facets of this question and the necessity for being sensitive to what he doubtless would have called its multifarious implications and ramifications.

The continuing interest of our leading public servants in the question of ethics and morality in the performance of their duties is a significant fact of life on the American political scene. The first President of the United States was anxious that those who assisted in launching the new government should maintain high standards of decency and honesty. In his farewell address he spoke of morality as one of the indispensable supports of political prosperity and commended to his fellows the view that "virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government." More than a century and a half later one of Washington's successors, the present President of the United States, reflected the current national hypersensitivity to the question of public morality when he declared in the summer of 1958 that he would not countenance any deviation of public servants from the strictest adherence to the highest standards of ethics in government. He said: "I expect the highest possible standards not only of conduct but of appearance of conduct."

In the years between the founding of our national government and the present time there have been numerous expressions of concern about the maintenance of high standards of morality in the public service. There have, of course, been many shifts in the standards of public morality as well as shifts in emphasis or focus of attention from one type of conduct to another. And it can almost be said that each generation has set its own standards or has attempted to set them. Certainly, we have witnessed in our own time the pronouncement of a rather unique and excessive position on what we now call "ethics in government." It involves a set of policies that bristle, if they do not sparkle, with their commitment to virtue and goodness. These policies and practices require elected or appointed public servants to sever all their outside business connections, and to sell their stocks, bonds, and other securities. These policies forbid these servants of the people to accept gifts that have any substantial

VANITY FAIR.



THE INSIDE TRACK.

THURLOW WEED TO PRESIDENT ELECT.—“TRUST TO MY FRIEND SEWARD—TRUST TO US. WE
OMISE THIS LITTLE DIFFICULTY FOR YOU. BUT TRUST TO US. GENTLEMEN FROM THE COUNTRY ARE OFTEN EGREGIOUSLY
ED BY UNPRINCIPLED SHARPERS. (IMPRESSIVELY) TRUST TO US!”

value. They are barred, of course, from advancing, even by a favorable hint, the interests of their friends or associates even if these persons happen to deserve favorable consideration by their government or even if their government would benefit from such an association.

With such standards of public morality in force we have seen a vice-presidential candidate go before the nation and plead not guilty to imputations of a defective character because friends had built up a fund for his discretionary use in his "crusade." We have witnessed a Secretary of Defense divesting himself of assets and investments accumulated over a lifetime in order to qualify for taking his oath of office. We have seen a presidential assistant literally hounded out of office because he received gifts from a friend for whom he made "imprudent" inquiries in other governmental offices.

It is no easy task to prove that these practices have actually elevated morality in the public service or that they have improved the operations of the government itself. On the face of them they seem rather excessively and superficially virtuous. As one critic recently observed, they indict villains in government and reflect only indirectly or obliquely on the villains with whom they have had or with whom they might have some traffic. To the extent that they presume that public servants with accumulated or inherited fortunes are necessarily and inevitably venal or dishonest and must "do something about their filthy lucre" they are flying in the face of fact and are coming dangerously close to equating poverty with virtue. The logical consequences of such practices are not pleasant to contemplate. In the state of New York, for example, it would involve forcing a Harriman to get rid of his last five railroads before he could become governor. Imagine, if you can, forcing a Rockefeller to bury his fortune in *another* Fort Knox (presumably there would not be room in Fort Knox for *his* gold *and* ours) before taking over the reins of the Empire State.

It can be argued that our current policies with respect to morality in the public service have become so excessive on the side of an assumed righteousness and in support of the accepted *forms* of morality that they lose sight of the fundamental aspects of decency and honesty that they claim to promote. It cannot be successfully claimed that they necessarily improve the operations of the government, that they guarantee honesty in govern-

ment, or that they attract a higher type of person into the public service. One would be hard put to produce concrete evidence that any substantial improvement of the public service has come from what we are pleased to call pristine virtue or, more uncharitably, "hound's tooth" cleanliness. It is not irrelevant to remember that coincidental with the introduction of new rigorous standards of public morality have come the revelation of numerous practices of public immorality—currently defined—ranging from presenting expensive gifts to persons high in the public service to peddling influence from one public door to another. Small wonder that many citizens, in their overwhelming righteous indignation, have wondered what this government is coming to.

It would seem, though, that this righteous wrath, if it were aroused by reports of the changing of hands of a deep freeze, a pastel mink, an oriental rug, or a vicuna coat, had wasted a good deal of its outrage on the wrong objects. Are such transactions symptomatic of moral depravity in government? Do they reflect the kind of dishonesty and indecency that are destructive of the best interests of the people and of the energy of government? An affirmative answer cannot be a superficial one. Any answer must take into consideration the fact that the government on any level is a political machine and that there are enormously complex political considerations that have a legitimate relationship with government. These political considerations, to be sure, are abused at times and they often encourage dishonesty and immorality. This need not be true, however. And before an indictment can be drawn against a person or a practice as immoral from the point of view of the public it must recognize the inescapable fact that government functions in a political context, public servants that are not civil servants are politicians, and the use of political influence to further the ends of government is not only realistic but, under our system, a legitimate pursuit.

No President of the United States has realized more clearly these hard, cold facts of his political life than Abraham Lincoln. He never forgot that he was the head of a party as well as the head of the government, and he fully appreciated the importance of strengthening his party through the use of the resources of the government. Perhaps no President has been forced to face more critical questions bearing on the problem of ethics

government than Lincoln. Certainly no President up to Lincoln's time had been called upon to make so many decisions that involved the defining of public morality. The years of Lincoln's administration seemed peculiarly filled with problems of ethics in government, many of which were to confound this country from that day to this.

A new party had come to power, and the demands of thousands for patronage were not merely the demands of many politicians emerging from a long drought of little patronage but of a group that, as a group, had *never* tasted the spoils of victory. This was a thirst that was almost unquenchable. How to satisfy it without dislocating and rendering inoperable the very machinery of government was one of the very formidable tasks of President Lincoln in the early months of his administration. By the time he came to office, moreover, the course of secession had become so rampant that it was reasonable to entertain the most serious doubts about the loyalty of hundreds of federal employees. It was not only fair but also highly desirable to retain as many loyal public servants as could be done in the interest of promoting national security and building political strength. Disloyalty, however, was of course the epitome of public immorality and could not, in any sense, be countenanced. Lincoln's duty in this regard was clear and unmistakable.

Another problem that arose from the crisis of secession and war was created by the dramatic expansion of the functions of government. There was the enormous increase of the roster of public servants performing innumerable tasks on the civilian and military fronts. There was also the fantastic expansion of the activities of the federal government, accompanied by an unprecedented increase in governmental expenditures. Almost overnight the government came to dominate the market places as it began to purchase every conceivable commodity in connection with its prosecution of the war. And the very volume of the business created opportunities for profiteering, graft, and other forms of corruption hitherto undreamed of. The temptations were as persistent as they were tremendous; and only the stout-hearted with high standards of public morality could resist the opportunities for graft that were to be seen on every hand. The danger here was not merely that dishonesty would consume the available resources of the country but that it would lead to the destruction of the government itself. The danger was a real one, and no one appreciated it more fully than Lincoln himself.

Finally, there were the problems related to the prosecution of the war and to the aims for which it was being fought. If it did not bear directly on such matters as graft and dishonesty, it was no less related to the basic problem of public morality. For it was not only desirable but perhaps even necessary for national survival to discuss honestly and forthrightly the aims. The risks in misrepresentation or dishonesty were formidable, and any leader who was unwilling to enunciate a position on the critical questions of the day was courting personal and national disaster. Lincoln had no intention of doing either. Too long, even before the secession crisis, he had spoken for Union above all, and if he was committed to an ideal of freedom for all it was to be achieved and maintained in an inextinguishable union. His unequivocal position in this regard was, in a sense, a measure of his high public morality.

Lincoln approached the numerous problems that involved his personal as well as his public morality with a specific and precise philosophy that was the result of long and serious contemplation as well as experience. His deep belief in honesty in all relations, public and private, was set forth in a lecture in 1850. In denying the popular belief that lawyers were necessarily dishonest, he counseled young lawyers to "resolve to be honest at all events; and if in your own judgment you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer." This remained a ruling passion throughout his life. When observers could make no other favorable comment about him they willingly recognized his honesty. "We have seen it in his face; hopeless honesty—that is all," one remarked after visiting him during his first year in office.

There was more than a hopeless honesty in Lincoln's public philosophy, as even this observer could have discovered had he taken the trouble to look. En route to his first inauguration Lincoln stopped in Philadelphia and pledged himself to follow in the path of the Founding Fathers, who had laid down principles of government that were high in every respect and entirely worthy of emulation. The teachings of those who wrote the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States were sacred, he asserted. "I shall do nothing inconsistent with the teachings of those holy and most sacred walls," in which the Constitution was written. "May my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if ever I prove false to those teachings," he concluded.

No "hopeless honesty" here, but a vigorous commitment to what he regarded as high principles of decent and good government.

But Lincoln was a practical man, a realist in the best sense of the term. To him good government was a feasible, workable instrument that was expected to function in the hands of human beings whose frailties were legion. This led him to the practice of expediency, "of compromise, of seeing or trying to see everything and neglect nothing for every political decision which he had to make." These decisions, he felt, should not be based on notions of right and wrong, but instead, as Stanley Pargellis has suggested, on ideas of what is good and evil. The true rule, Lincoln declared, in determining whether to embrace or reject anything, "is not whether it have any evil in it but whether it have more of evil than of good. There are few things wholly evil or wholly good." He subscribed to the view that the central idea behind the national political philosophy was the equality of men. But practical man that he was, he doubted that the monstrous evil of slavery could be dealt with summarily. It was an infection that was so deeply imbedded in the national fabric that a violent elimination of it would rend the structure of the nation. This view did not alter his strong opposition to the evil of slavery any more than it altered his opposition to public immorality in general.

Lincoln never lost sight of the fact that the presidency of the United States was a political office and its incumbent was necessarily and inevitably a politician. Consequently he admittedly used his appointive power to reward his political supporters and to strengthen his political position. His guiding principle, he said, was "justice to all," but this maxim did not seem to prevent his functioning as a political-minded public servant in dispensing the patronage. As a member of the state legislature, as a member of Congress, and as President the practice of rewarding the party faithful gained strict adherence from Lincoln. He took his patronage obligation seriously, the historian of his years in Congress tells us, and he cheerfully ran errands for loyal and ambitious constituents. Hundreds of times, when President, he sought employment in some branch of the government for loyal supporters. That he did not altogether escape the practice of nepotism can be seen in his effort to secure employment and other favors for some of his relatives but more frequently for Mrs. Lincoln's kinsmen.

Even in the armed forces there are numerous examples of the manner in which Lincoln used the patronage, at times to gain support for the war from discordant elements and at other times to dissipate dissension or even disloyalty. Powerful Democrats like Nathaniel P. Banks, John A. McClernand, and Benjamin Butler found criticizing the conduct of the war a bit awkward once they had received the presidential favor of high military commissions. The scramble for public office, civil or military, greatly distressed Lincoln and caused him once to declare, while especially exasperated, that the struggle for office as a way to live without work would become a real test of the strength of our institutions. Unpleasant and dangerous as it was, it was something with which the President had to live, and he was willing to do so.

But Lincoln's determination to dispense the patronage justly and effectively led him to keep it in his own hands as much as possible. Thus he did not attempt to conceal his disgust when word came to him that Thurlow Weed was passing the word around that he had the President's authority to dispense the patronage in New York. "I do not believe that you have so claimed," Lincoln wrote Weed, "but still so some men say. On that subject you know all I have said to you is 'justice to all,' and I have said nothing more particular to anyone." He concluded by tersely expressing the hope that Weed would not use his name in the matter.

Justice in the matter of the patronage involved awarding public office on an equitable basis. It also involved the honest discharge of one's duties as well as the fair and discreet use of the power vested in the public servant. In 1864 Lincoln had to remind the postmaster of Philadelphia of these basic principles when it was reported that the postmaster was forcing postal employees under him to vote for a certain candidate for Congress. Lincoln's chagrin was based in part on the fact that the postmaster was supporting the candidate who was opposing Lincoln's choice. There was, however, another more important consideration, Lincoln argued, and it was that "all our friends should have absolute freedom of choice among our friends. My wish, therefore, is that you will do just as you think with your own suffrage . . . and not constrain any of your subordinates to do other than he thinks fit with his."

Likewise, when Lincoln learned that the Commissioner of Public Buildings had caused a bill to be introduced in Congress

to remove his office from the Interior Department and enlarge his powers and patronage, Lincoln made his position clear. He said that if Congress wished to make the changes it was certainly free to do so. "What I wish to say," he warned, "is that if the change is made, I do not think I can allow you to retain the office; because that would be encouraging officers to be constantly intriguing, to the detriment of the public interest, in order to profit themselves." The public interest, Lincoln contended, must never be abused or injured regardless of the importance of the patronage and its use for political purposes.

The abuse of the power of public office was a matter about which the President was most sensitive. It was doubtless this fear that made Lincoln reluctant to appoint Simon Cameron Secretary of War. Lincoln perhaps would not have done so had not his supporters made such a promise at the Chicago convention and had not he fully appreciated the connection between this appointment and party harmony in the East. "Lincoln's in a fix," Billy Herndon said. "Cameron's appointment to an office in his cabinet bothers him. If Lincoln do appoint Cameron, he gets a fight on his hands, and if he do not he gets a quarrel deep abiding and lasting. Poor Lincoln! God help him."

But Cameron's enemies said that as Senator he had been guilty of corruption in obtaining contracts and that if appointed Secretary of War he would use the patronage of his office for his own private gain. These matters troubled Lincoln and, in attempting to think them through, he set forth some significant points in his conception of public morality. "I can see no impropriety in his taking contracts or making money out of them," Lincoln argued, "as that is a mere matter of business. There is nothing wrong in this, unless some unfairness or dishonesty is shown, which supposition I have no doubt General Cameron will be able to disprove. . . . I shall deal with him fairly, but . . . if the charges against him are proven, he cannot have a seat in my cabinet, as I will not have associated with me one whose character is impeached." Despite the frequency of these charges and despite the vacillation of the President-elect, Lincoln finally went through with the appointment and never ceased to regret it.

The kinds of corruption that had been freely predicted by Cameron's critics permeated the War Department almost from the beginning of Cameron's tenure. And the inefficiency of the Secretary, together with a phenomenal expansion of the activities of the office, merely contributed to the growth of every con-

ceivable form of corruption. There was incredible fraud in the construction of fortifications in St. Louis, where the contractors made a profit of at least \$111,000 on a contract of \$171,000. The purchase of worthless muskets for more than \$160,000 and the purchase of pocketless, buttonless, and generally useless uniforms from a famous New York firm are classic and well-known examples of wartime corruption. When the rumors were rife that Cameron was involved in the corruption a delegation called on the President and demanded his removal. "Gentlemen," the President said, "if you want General Cameron removed, you have only to bring me *one proved* case of dishonesty, and I promise you his head. But I assure you that I am not going to act on what seems to me the most unfounded gossip."

When Lincoln did act, by retiring Cameron from the War Department and appointing him to be Minister to Russia, he did not do so because of any specific act or acts of corruption committed by Cameron. Rather, it was doubtless Cameron's general inefficiency as well as his embarrassment to the administration by the premature support he gave the proposal to arm the slaves in his first annual report. Even these instances of human frailty did not restrain Lincoln in assuring Cameron, in his letter of dismissal, of his "undiminished confidence," his "affectionate esteem," and his sure expectation that in his Russian post Cameron would be able to render services no less important than those he could render at home. Even so, the House of Representatives passed a resolution condemning "Simon Cameron, late Secretary of War," for adopting a "policy highly injurious to the public service." The resolution criticized Cameron's investing several New York businesses with unrestricted authority to purchase military supplies without any guarantee or security for the faithful performance of their duties.

Lincoln was the first to come to Cameron's defense in this public embarrassment. The President told the members of the House that while the Secretary of War fully approved the proceedings "they were not moved nor suggested by himself and that not only the President but all the other heads of departments were at least equally responsible with him for whatever error, wrong, or fault was committed in the premises." Lincoln admitted the irregularity of advancing \$2,000,000 of public funds without security to a group of men not in the employ of the United States. But he added that he was not aware that a

ollar of it had been lost or wasted; and it was clear that in his own mind the "honesty of his act and the emergency which occasioned it excused its illegality." In this matter, Lincoln was not defending a crony but a principle. It was the principle of the transcendent importance of survival over forms and procedure.

While nothing but the direst national emergency could excuse irregularities in the use of authority, nothing at all, from Lincoln's view, could excuse the abuse of power that was inconsistent with the public good. On one occasion an old friend sought Lincoln's assistance in securing possession of land near Memphis for a woman whose husband was in the Confederate service and on which the claim had already been passed once or twice. The fact that the husband was in the Confederate service did not disturb Lincoln, but the fact that his assistance was being sought as a favor and nothing more irritated him greatly. He was blunt in his reply. "The impropriety of bringing such cases to me, is obvious to anyone who will consider that I could not properly act on any case without understanding it, and that I have neither the means nor time to obtain such understanding."

The pressure on the President to grant personal favors that would be financially rewarding to his friends was "almost incredible," and at times he gave way. In Alexandria, Louisiana, two men turned up with trading permits in the President's handwriting. They were old, personal Springfield friends of Lincoln's. What little cotton they collected was taken away from them by the army and put to military use. Their very appearance in the area, however, with permits signed by Lincoln set many tongues wagging. This was doubtless the exception, the rare occasion when the pressure was unbearable and the President relented. More typical is the instance in 1863 when Lincoln's good friend Representative William Kellogg tried to persuade him to grant a friend a permit to sell ordinary articles of commerce at Helena, Arkansas, and to purchase cotton and other commodities from loyal men. This was a request made to order for Lincoln's complete exasperation, and he did not attempt to conceal from his good friend his utter disgust.

I think you do not know how embarrassing your request is. Few things are so troublesome to the government as the fierceness with which the profits of trading in cotton [*sic*] are sought. . . . What can and can not

be done, has, for the time been settled, and it seems to me I cannot safely break over it. I know it is thought that one case is not much, but how can I favor one and deny another. . . . The administration would do for you as much as for any other man; and I personally would do somewhat more than for most others, but really I cannot involve myself and the Government as this would do.

Lincoln feared neither the power of money nor a close association with men powerful in the business community. The use of money in politics was, at times, both right and indispensable, he wrote a loyal Kansas supporter in 1860; and there were many times when he wished he had more of it for political and other purposes. In 1848 while in Congress he got a bit more money than the law provided for travel expenses of members of Congress. Instead of reporting, as a basis for reimbursement, the official mileage between Springfield and Washington—780 miles—Lincoln submitted a bill for 1,626 miles, thereby securing almost \$700 in excess of the amount provided by law. Lincoln did not regard this as other than a political perquisite in which many members shared. From his point of view neither personal nor public integrity was at stake.

Lincoln did not grab at every dollar that was available, however; and the pattern of his personal attitude toward financial matters emerged from the careful studies made of them by the late Harry Pratt. When a real-estate dealer offered to raise \$10,000 for Lincoln's personal use in 1861, the President-elect gratefully declined on the ground that he did not need the money at that time. When the president of Springfield's First National Bank offered to sell Lincoln \$5,000 worth of paid-up shares in the bank in 1864, Lincoln declined but not because he was personally opposed to the transaction. "I would accept at once were it not that I fear there might be some impropriety in it though I do not see that there would. I will think of it a while. The impropriety Lincoln feared was related to the judgment that others might place on his acts. The risk in an election year was not worth it. Lincoln never took up the generous offer, for he was not one to run political risks unnecessarily.

Lincoln, however, was not above accepting support to help finance his political activities, and he was realist enough to know that this financial aid did not come to him out of love. "Do men act without motive?" he had asked when in Congress in 1848.

"Did business men commonly go into an expenditure of money which could be of no account to them?" To Lincoln the answers were obvious. Thus, he accepted financial support only when absolutely necessary; and when he did, he was fully aware of the obligations he thus incurred. He refused the offer of \$500 from a young Bloomington lawyer in 1858 with the following comment: "I am not so poor as you suppose—don't want any money, don't know how to use money on such occasions—cant do it and never will—though much obliged to you." The campaign against Douglas was much more expensive than Lincoln had anticipated, and when it was over the unsuccessful candidate gladly accepted offers to share in the expenses. It was at this time that Lincoln wrote a friend who had helped him in 1856 that inasmuch as he did not spend all that had been offered he hoped that he could call on his generous friend to assist in liquidating the expenses of the campaign of 1858.

Lincoln seemed genuinely pleased with his associations with big business and with important personages from the business community. He was, for a number of years, an attorney for the Illinois Central Railroad and was understandably depressed when the big line threw its support to Douglas in 1858. He had powerful friends on the New York Central Railroad, and legend has it that he was offered the position of general counsel for the line in 1860. He declined it ostensibly on the ground that it would ruin his family to have an annual income of \$10,000. A more likely reason was that by 1860 Lincoln had his eyes fixed squarely on the presidency. As Billy Herndon later complained, his partner was devoting precious little time to the practice of law. The New York Central could not compete with the White House.

Bankers, industrialists, railroad men, and the like moved freely in and out of the White House and in and out of the Lincoln administration. The test to which Lincoln subjected them both as friends and office holders was the same test to which he subjected others, namely, honesty, decency, and freedom from any desire for personal aggrandizement that would be harmful to the public interest. He not only did not require federal office holders to relinquish their investments but he also did not require them to sever their business connections. During his tenure as Secretary of War, Cameron remained a large stockholder in the Northern Central Railroad, commonly called

"Cameron's Road." Thomas A. Scott became Assistant Secretary of War but retained his position as vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, with which he was constantly making contracts for transporting supplies and soldiers. When John Goodrich became Collector of the Port at Boston he gave up neither his chairmanship of the Republican Party in Massachusetts nor his long connection with a woolen factory. The same could be said for flour manufacturer William B. Thomas, who became the collector at Philadelphia. "Conflict of interest" was a phrase unknown to American politics in the Civil War era and the rules for the whole range of contacts between government and business were, at best, vaguely and indistinctly articulated.

The Civil War President regarded gifts from citizens as a compliment to him and the office that he occupied. While the gifts he received were, for the most part, of small value, there is no evidence that he would have been troubled by questions of propriety in accepting gifts of greater value. He always took the time to acknowledge with gratitude even the most insignificant token of esteem and to return a compliment to the donor by referring to a pair of socks as "fine, and soft and warm," to a whip as "elegant" and "displaying a perfection of workmanship," to a chair presented by the Shakers as "very comfortable," and to the overcoat as "substantial and handsome." The record of gifts to Lincoln's colleagues and subordinates is not so complete as his own. That the other public servants were the objects of various expressions of generosity and even gratitude cannot be gainsaid. There is, so far as this writer knows, no expression of disapproval on Lincoln's part of gifts either to himself or to others in his administration.

Attempts to peddle influence were inevitable in a government whose functions and responsibilities were increasing more rapidly than the theater of war itself. Trobriand described the army of lobbyists and the like as second only to the army that was in the field. "They were everywhere; in the streets, in the hotels, in the offices, at the Capitol, and in the White House." Lincoln attempted to avoid such pressures as much as possible and to pursue a course of action that was oblivious to their existence. By the very nature of the circumstances, however, he was not always successful; but he never stopped trying. And he did not like indiscriminate influence peddling. To a gro-

t. Louis businessmen who sought his influence in securing contracts he replied: "As to contracts, and jobs, I understand, by the law, they are awarded to the best bidders; and if government agents at St. Louis do differently, it would be ground to prosecute [*sic*] them upon." Whenever it became clear that friends or foes were attempting to use Lincoln to advance their own interests at the expense of the interest of the public, Lincoln was blunt and uncompromising in his rejection of their entreaties.

Lincoln's view of public morality did not, however, restrain him from using the power of his office to gain positions and other favors for his friends. Over and over again a word dropped here or a note scribbled there would bring the desired results, even when it irritated a Chase or a Bates. To the Secretary of the Interior he wrote: "Can you, by any possibility, find the place for Judge [Horatio N.] Taft? I shall be greatly obliged if you can and will." To the Secretary of War he wrote: "I really wish Jesse W. Fell, of Illinois, to be appointed a paymaster in the Regular Army, at farthest, as early as the first of July 1862. I wish nothing to interfere with this; and I have so written as much as two months ago I think." Again, "I personally wish Jacob R. Freese, of New-Jersey to be appointed a colonel for a colored regiment—and this regardless of whether you can tell the exact shade of Julius Caesar's hair." He also sought interviews in various departments for friends and others who had been commended to him, and fully expected his own commendations to be honored. Early in his administration he advised a friend who knew almost nothing about surveying to seek contracts surveying public lands. Lincoln said that a knowledge of surveying was not necessary since his job, which was good for about \$50,000, would be to organize parties of professional surveyors. When the friend asked how he would get the contracts, Lincoln replied: "Leave that entirely to me. I will see that you get the contracts."

Thus spoke and acted the man who, more than any of his predecessors, was called upon to face the difficult problem of public morality. He faced it and dealt with it as a realist rather than as a crusader, as a patriot and politician rather than as a doctrinaire moralist and reformer. The conduct he required of himself and his colleagues was always to act in a way that would promote the public interest. He was less concerned with

procedure than with acts that would foster union, victory, human decency. He was not adverse to using the patronage to build a loyal and powerful political organization, but he had no patience for any abuse of this power and especially its use for purely selfish purposes. He was even willing to use the military patronage to give commissions to ambitious politicians, although it "saddled the army with some prize incompetents in high places," it was a good investment in national cohesion.

Lincoln was never greatly concerned with irregularities if they were consistent with the public good. On the other hand, he was opposed to any act that was against the public interest. Whenever he brought pressure on the head of one of the departments to grant a favor for one of his friends or supporters, he invariably qualified the request by a condition such as "it can be done consistently with the public interest" or "if the public interest will admit." For a man who was deeply committed to honesty and decency in government the extension of a favor to a friend or supporter did not trouble him as long as he was convinced that the public good was protected.

Nor was Lincoln frightened by the prospect of having in government men who had close connections with the business community or who themselves belonged to that community. It was admittedly a matter that required constant surveillance and scrutiny, but that was a responsibility inherent in the public service. It could not be evaded by running businessmen out of government or by forcing them to enter the public service at the expense of divesting themselves of all their worldly possessions. In a country where both the government and the economy were expanding how could such a group be ignored or treated in any manner that would inhibit their effective service? Lincoln could ill afford to lose their services and he had no intention of doing so. His responsibility was to see that members of the business community performed loyally and honestly, and he gladly assumed that responsibility.

Gifts never worried Lincoln. He could not be bought, and he did not intend to, regardless of their value. Likewise, he did not intend that any member of his administration should be affected by bribes or other irregularities in the discharge of his duties. He would not countenance the exertion of any undue and purely self-motivated influence on public servants by any person or group. While Lincoln fully recognized the inevitability of the gov-

t's doing business with persons representing a wide variety of interests, he never tolerated the peddling of influence that completely ignored the public interest. Pressure from without as well as from within was tolerable so long as it was motivated, at least in part, by an appreciation of the obligation of the public service to perform honestly and with full regard for the general welfare.

In the study of the conduct of his office and in an examination of the principles of public morality to which he adhered with tenacity, Lincoln can be instructive to those of us who seek guidance through today's confusing maze of problems related to ethics in government. One is impressed, first of all, in the absence of any semblance of hypocrisy or any suggestion of a double standard for those in and out of government. Efficiency and dishonesty *in* government almost invariably had their counterparts *outside* government, and both were equally obnoxious to Lincoln and might well be to us.

One cannot fail to be persuaded, moreover, by the validity of Lincoln's view that business and government are not necessarily incompatible. His policies and practices suggest to us that he was not only a bit foolish but not necessarily in the public interest to require a man of affluence to take the vow of poverty before he can enter upon his duties as a public servant. Lincoln's hard-headed conduct with regard to the use of the patronage, the acceptance of gifts, and the exertion of influence in such places inevitably suggests that by comparison we not only lack a measure of immaturity with respect to such matters but that we also suffer from a lack of realism or, worse, from outright hypocrisy as we face similar problems. Most of all, however, and in almost every shred of conduct related even remotely to the question of public morality, Lincoln's own example compels a thorough re-examination of our own attitudes and views of the same problems.

It would be foolish to contend that Lincoln solved all the problems involving public morality that he faced. It cannot be claimed that he had a workable formula for coping with each situation as it arose. It does seem, however, that he had thought through rather carefully these problems; and as he faced them, a pattern and philosophy seem to emerge. There were, of course, numerous instances of shameful immorality in his administration, but they were deviations from the high standards

set by Lincoln himself. They were violations both of the term and philosophy enunciated by him. The century separates us from Lincoln's time has neither eradicated nor solved the questions of public morality that plagued Lincoln. In all fairness it is not even clear that the century has provided us with any greater wisdom about such matters than was enjoyed by Lincoln and his contemporaries. As we look back upon Lincoln we can certainly profit by the example of his forthrightness, his honesty, and his realistic approach. This is his wisdom, and in any age, even after the problems have changed, this much is worthy of emulation.

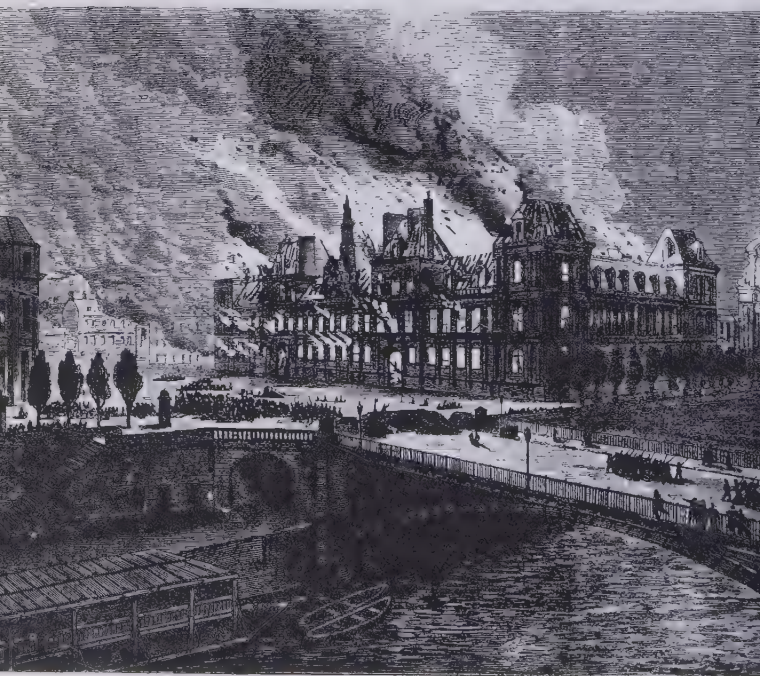
The Myth of the Commune

John Roberts

strictly defined, the Paris Commune of 1871 was the municipal council which was installed on March 28 and lasted until Whitsunday. But it is rarely spoken of in this simple sense. Parisians had demanded a "Commune" since the previous October, and although few people were quite sure what this meant, it was not simply a new set of town councilors. The men of the Commune themselves did not always know what they were meant to do, or what they were entitled to do, and since 1871 the confusion has thickened. There is no historical episode about which myth and legend have sprouted more luxuriously. The Commune has passed out of history and into the realms of ritual and symbol for its friends and enemies alike. On Whitsunday wreaths are still laid against the wall of Père-Lachaise cemetery to commemorate the Communards shot there at the close of the fighting in 1871, while above Paris rises the cupola of Sacré-Cœur as an expiation for the sin of the rising and a thank-offering for the deliverance of France from its scourge. The Commune came at a moment of disorganization and confusion in French politics. The Second Empire had taken France into war on July 15, 1870. The early, shocking defeats

of the army were followed by the news of the Emperor's capture at Sedan. A dynasty founded by a soldier could not survive this humiliation, and the victory for which the Republican position had struggled under the Empire was given to them by the Prussian General Staff. All parties rallied to the Government of National Defense which was set up on September 4 and it was this government, and its emissaries in the provinces that ruled France during the hundred and thirty-five days of the siege of Paris. It soon became clear that there was nothing to hope for from the armies which Gambetta was raising in the unoccupied zone. The government had to ask for an armistice, it was granted to allow the election of a National Assembly with the power to make peace. This body met at Bordeaux in February and elected Thiers "Head of the Executive Power of the French Republic," authorizing him to negotiate for a final peace. The Commune, elected on March 28, was an express

The burning of the Hôtel de Ville during the Communard insurrection (*Manly Collection.*)



of distrust and rage at these events; Paris did not want peace, disliked the Assembly and what it believed to be its plans, and it wanted to assert its independence. Thiers could not afford to tolerate this, and he crushed the Commune by force. The terrible scars that the Commune left behind help to explain the bitter disputes about it which have continued ever since. Some have scrambled for what seemed to be a glorious inheritance of revolutionary tradition, while others have just as eagerly tried to pin the blame for it to their political enemies. French politics are still often invaded by the past, and the Commune episode seemed to fit several interpretations of French history. These interpretations have always made it hard to see what reality lies behind the debates over the dead of 1871. Some explanations of the rising can be disregarded as trivial; such is the alcoholic one, that the rising sprang from the inflamed Paris which had learnt to drink absinthe during

the insurgents destroy a symbol of Empire; the fallen column in the Place Vendôme. (*Mansell Collection.*)



the siege when there was nothing else to do (though an English observer, Vizetelly, thought this had some weight). Taine's fantastic story that there were thousands of Englishmen among the Communards is equally implausible as an explanation. There are other theories which are more difficult to disprove. They are less simple, richer in mythical elements, and always acceptable because agreeable to some well-established prejudice.

There have been three great myths about the Commune. The first to appear was the reactionary one, successfully launched by Thiers even before the Commune itself had been elected. It has several versions, some presenting the Commune as a sudden aberration, a distortion of the course of French history by unscrupulous men, and others attributing to the same villain a deeply-laid plot with roots going back through Blanqui, a disciple of Buonarrotti, to 1789. But in every version of the myth there are certain common elements. The Commune was labelled a "red" revolution, an experiment in terroristic governmental methods, and the instrument of Communists and atheists, whose attacks on property and morality were equally deplorable.

Thiers had great success in propagating this legend. In spite of the horrors of the street-fighting and the executions, foreign newspapers tended to mingle their condemnation of the cruelties of the Versailles troops with the reflection that the conspirators who had brought this fate on Paris were the truly guilty ones. Europe was suspicious of Socialism and Communism. France remembered the revolutionary Commune of '93, which had terrorized the Convention itself. It was known that there were members of the International on the Commune, as well as adherents of Blanqui, the professional revolutionary. The best evidence of revolutionary terrorism was the lynching of the generals, the shooting of hostages, and the arson that started the great fires raging at the end of the rising.

But the facts were not so simple as this suggests. The much advertised "Terror" of the Commune, for example, although it was often on the lips of the Communard leaders, meant very little in action. Few cared to practice it. Raoul Rigault at first ran the police of the Commune and then became its public prosecutor; he stood self-consciously in the Marat tradition, even he would have preferred to exchange hostages rather than shoot them. The murder of the Archbishop of Paris, so of-

explored and recalled, only took place after scores of the prisoners of the Versaillese had been shot out of hand. A little later, a Parisian crowd lynched fifty-one gendarmes and priests. Their deaths are added to those of the 83 officers and 794 men of the Versaillese army killed fighting, the victims of the Communards still number less than a thousand. On the other side, during ten days of fighting, the number of Communards killed in action or after capture has been variously estimated from 6,500 to 30,000. At the prison of La Roquette 1,900 of them were shot in two days.

The spontaneity of the lynching carried out by the Communards, and the inability of the Commune to restrain it, weakens the plot theory of the outbreak. The decision that provoked the revolt was in fact made by Thiers. On March 17 he decided that he must disarm the National Guard, which dominated Paris, by taking away the artillery they had acquired. The next morning, at Montmartre, the operation was bungled. There were not enough horses to drag away the guns; as the dawn broke the cold and unfed soldiers stood about waiting and ready to fraternize with the inhabitants. General Lecomte saw his troops getting out of hand. When there were scuffles, the soldiers could not fire on the crowd. The general was seized, and later the day he was shot by the enraged mob, together with General Clément Thomas, who had been watching a riot at the Place Pigalle. The news of the murders and the unreliability of the soldiers made Thiers decide to leave Paris. This decision promoted a riot to the status of a revolution. Jules Ferry, the Mayor of Paris, protested, but had to follow Thiers and the Government to Versailles. Into the gap in the government of Paris stepped, not very willingly, the Central Committee of the National Guard, a body which had been formed to protect the interests of its organization, and which now found itself installed at the Hôtel de Ville.

It at once began to organize the election of a new municipality, into whose hands it could resign its power. This was not the action of a body dominated by revolutionaries. There were revolutionaries on the Central Committee; but their doctrines were not much in evidence as it pushed on with the elections. Nevertheless, the Committee made a bad mistake, which allowed Thiers to establish its complicity in the murder of the generals. This was an announcement, in the *Journal Officiel* of March 19,

that the generals had been executed in accordance with the rules of war. The Committee were henceforth labeled "assassins." In the Assembly at Versailles, Jules Favre, speaking for the government, dismissed arguments in favor of negotiation with the words "*on ne parle pas avec des assassins*."

Another element in the reactionary myth had already got into circulation. On March 17 a government poster described the "insurrectionary committee" as dominated by "Communist" doctrine. Assi, who presided at the first meeting of the Committee at the Hôtel de Ville on March 19, was certainly a member of the International, but this proves little. Neither Communists nor, in any precise sense, Socialists dominated the Committee. Later, the confusion of the words "Communist" and "Communard" was to reinforce the legend, but nothing done by the Central Committee lends it much color. Nor was the "insurrectionary" until it took power after the collapse of the government as a result of a spontaneous popular movement. Its original decision to keep the cannon of the National Guard had been taken in order to save them from the Prussians.

While later Socialists have rejected the elements in the reactionary myth of the Commune which implied a premeditated outbreak, and sought to emphasize its spontaneous and popular nature, their own myth has sometimes borne a family resemblance to that of the Right. Both point to the popular insurrection as the expression of class-struggle, the Left with approval, the Right with horror. The Marxists added two more facets: for them the Commune was an experiment in the technique of Socialist government, and the first example of the dictatorship of the proletariat. Marxists hold a mechanical view of the state or should do. Since, for the Marxist, the function of the state in society is to act as an apparatus for the maintenance of the interests of one class by holding down others, it does not lose this character simply because it is being used by the working class to oppress its enemies; rather, it must be used enthusiastically by the workers so long as it is necessary to coerce the class-enemy by the dictatorship of the proletariat. The Commune was an example of this dictatorship; but it was something more, as Marx claimed in a new preface to the *Communist Manifesto*. It was also a demonstration that the working-class could not simply seize the state machine for their own ends but must construct a new sort of workers' state for their dicta-

ship. "If you look at the last chapter of my *Eighteenth Brumaire*," wrote Marx to Kugelmann in 1871, "you will find that I say that the next attempt of the French Revolution will be no longer, as before, to transfer the bureaucratic-military machine from one hand to another, but to *smash* it, and this is the preliminary condition for every real people's revolution on the continent. And this is what our heroic Party comrades in Paris are attempting." Lenin elaborated this theme in his *State and Revolution*; and the lessons of the Commune have become part of the dogmas of Marxism.

Marx and Lenin thought the new state forms could be found in the Commune itself. It was a body that united executive and legislative functions, and was free from the taint of parliamentarianism. Its members were elected, and were to be paid a workman's wage, so that they should not lose touch with the class they represented. Unfortunately, the Commune did less for the workers in practice than this appeared to promise. Nor was the preoccupation of fighting the Versailles the only reason: other lay in the composition of the Commune.

It was elected on March 26 in an election in which 229,167 votes were cast. This was less than half the number of registered electors, for many were absent in prisoner-of-war camps or in safe provincial towns. Nearly ninety thousand votes went to candidates known to be antirevolutionary; in this way four of the richer *arrondissements* voted solidly conservative. The remainder returned a mixture of Gambettists, Liberals, Proudhonists, Blanquists, and Jacobins. After by-elections had filled the gaps left by twenty-one resignations, there were eventually 106 members. Though elected by a preponderantly working-class vote, this body was by no means Socialist. Only one Marxist was on it; and it was in fact dominated by the Jacobin and Blanquist revolutionaries. Nor were most of its members of working-class origin, though some were artisans.

The aims of the Commune were, in any case, less important than its need to survive. It was too deeply divided to formulate a coherent and detailed program. Nor do its actions imply one. The economic measures of its executive commissions contain some elements which have been seized upon by eager Marxists as evidence of class-consciousness. Such are the general moratorium on rents, a three-year plan for the settlement of debts that had matured during the siege, and the abolition of fines in

factories and nightwork in bakeries. But there is not enough this evidence to add up to a class war. Marx, indeed, implicitly recognized this by condemning the Communards' moderation in failing to seize the Bank of France. The weight of the Marx interpretation of the Commune has usually to be borne by the assertion that the new governmental forms of the Commune were specifically Socialist creations. But the reliance upon the National Guard rather than upon the regular army, like the creation of executive commissions to do the work of the old ministries, was an *ad hoc* measure necessary to the survival of the Commune. Its decentralization was as much informed by localism as by Socialism; but both played second fiddle to the needs of the defense. One of the spontaneously evolved institutions of the Commune, the Committee of Public Safety, was a tragic mistake. Sporadically the pronouncements of the Commune show it to be a class-conscious body; but its ideology was always revolutionary rather than Socialist, save in the vaguest sense of the word.

Nevertheless, the Commune has maintained its position in the Marxist ideology. It has served many ends. In *State and Revolution*, Lenin used it to attack the Socialists of the Second International whose "deification" of the state paralyzed working-class resistance to the war of 1914, and to demonstrate the need for a more fundamental change by revolution than a mere replacement of personnel. He and Marx were indeed wholly right in asserting that the Commune represented a new phase in the struggle of the working class in Europe. This was because the legend to which they contributed seemed to provide clear proof of the inevitability and savagery of class warfare. The myth of the Commune, fed by the memories of its repression by embittered French Socialists and made them receptive to their later conversion to Marxism. Internationally, the Commune's place in the European workers' movement seemed to be demonstrated by the presence of foreigners fighting for it.

Yet in 1871 the dominating myth in Paris had been not Socialist but revolutionary. It was the heirs to the Jacobin tradition who led Paris. They succeeded, above all other groups, in imposing their conception of the Commune as one more stage of the Great Revolution of 1789. Their doctrine was vague, but its associations were powerful. Jacobins like Delescluze looked back to Robespierre and the Committee of Public Safety; and

Blanquists like Tridon looked back to Hébert and the Commune of '93; their heroes were different ones, but it was their appeal to the Revolution that counted. 1789 was, after all, slightly closer to the Commune than it is to 1959. Old men who were living had been born during the Revolution. Blanqui's master, Buonarrotti, had conspired with Babeuf; and a member of Thiers' government could well remember talking to Robespierre's sister. The closeness of the Revolution explains some of its weight in French politics of the nineteenth century. Both 1830 and 1848 seemed to mark only fresh stages in a continuous process, stemming from 1789; even Marx sometimes referred to *the French Revolution* in this continuous sense.

Under the Second Empire the taste for mixing history and politics had official indulgence; the Emperor was himself the embodiment of a historical legend. But the process could not be confined; and the sixties saw an outbreak of books about the great revolutionaries, at last beginning the rehabilitation of the Jacobins which has gone on ever since. They were to provide models in 1871. Already, in 1848, Tocqueville remarked how the revolutionaries consciously mimicked the classical gestures of their predecessors; the Communards did the same. 1871 was haunted by history. The effect was sometimes ludicrous; a man was arrested by the Commune because he had denounced the four sergeants of La Rochelle in 1822. But sometimes it was tragic. When the Archbishop of Paris was shot, he was wearing the pectoral cross of his predecessor who was killed in the June Days, and General Thomas might not have been murdered had he not been remembered as one of the men of order of 1848.

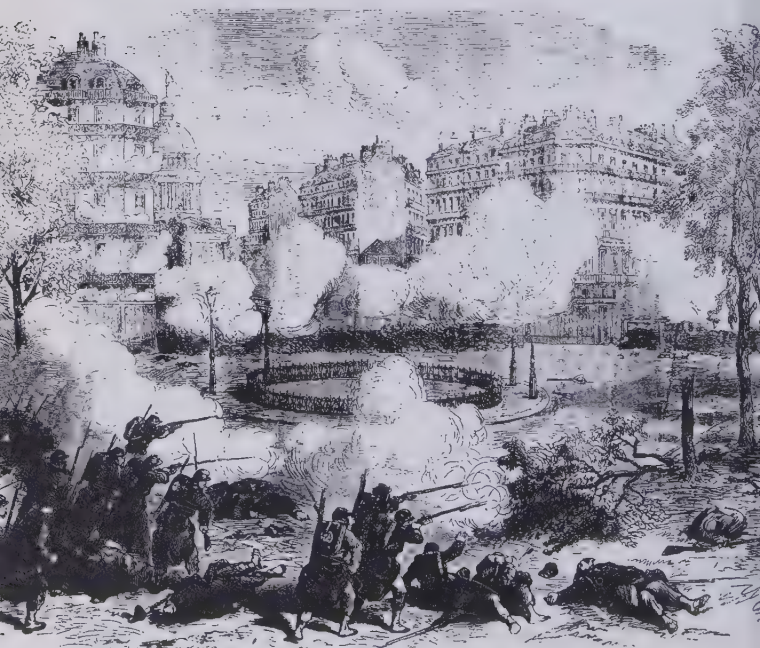
The revolutionary myth provided the precedents that the neo-Jacobins required. "*Leur souvenir m'est toujours présent*" said one of them of the giants of '93; and Delescluze was always looking to the Convention for guidance. Too often the Communards sought to do what would have been done in 1793 instead of what was needed in 1871. They reintroduced the Revolutionary Calendar (1871 became the year 79) and their military planning was dominated by the belief in the undisciplined but irresistible surge of the citizen-soldiers of the National Guard. At the crisis, a Committee of Public Safety was set up. Versailles inspired comparisons with the Coblenz of the emigration and Courbet's protest against this archaic rhetoric went unheeded. Above all, the memory of the Commune of '93 was invoked.

Unhappily, Thiers too was a historian; the lesson he drew from that period was that a National Assembly and a Commune of Paris could not survive side by side.

Yet although the myth of '93 inspired the heroic stands of the last days of the Commune, that myth no more explains its essence than do others. Something of its nature appears from them; but it was too complex and rich an episode for one formula to be satisfactory. A recent student describes it as *un ensemble d'aspirations non systématisées*; and this exactly denotes the difficulty of assessing it. "The Commune" was always more of a slogan than an institution. It can better be approached by the hopes that it aroused rather than by its behavior. It arose from four main sources: Republicanism, patriotism, local feeling, and social discontent.

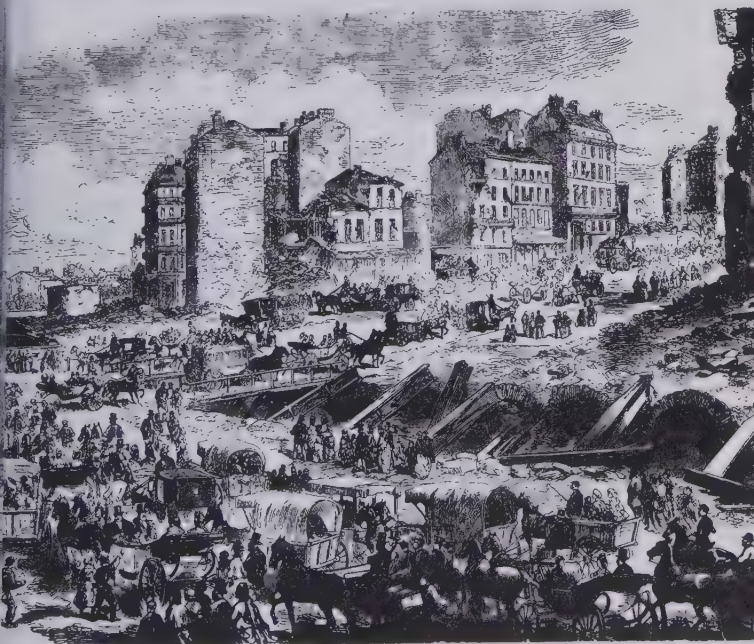
Republicanism was present from the first in the impulse toward the Commune. In March 1871 the government of France

Troops from Versailles attack the Parisian barricades. (*Mansell Collection.*)



was not decisively fixed as either monarchical or Republican. The Empire had collapsed, and the Republicans had been installed as the Government of National Defense by the insurrection of September 1870. This was a Parisian event; and in the elections of the following February France produced a Royalist majority in the National Assembly. The explanation was that the nation wanted peace. Republicanism meant continuing the war. In some constituencies the rival lists were even labeled "peace" and "war." Provincial France returned candidates pledged to make peace, and Republican Paris found itself swamped in the Assembly by a huge Royalist majority. From the start, Paris distrusted the Assembly's intentions. Suspicion increased when the Government appointed General d'Aurelle de Paladines, an enthusiastic Bonapartist, to command the National Guard. He refused to publish assurances of his Republican sentiments, and many Republicans feared that a *coup d'état*

The ruins of the Porte Maillot and the Avenue de la Grande Armée. (*Mansell Collection.*)



was coming. From the first the Assembly lacked the moral allegiance which a Republican body could have claimed from the Parisian voters.

Republicanism and patriotism were indissolubly linked in Paris. The war and the siege had hardened patriotic feeling. At the end of October an insurrection had greeted the news that Thiers was negotiating with the Prussians. A Commune was then demanded as a way of reviving the spirit of resistance of '93, and for a few hours on October 31 the government was ousted from the Hôtel de Ville. But it was reinstalled by loyal troops, and a little later a plebiscite gave it an eight-to-one vote of confidence. The patriots were out on the streets again on January 22, when Blanqui watched his last insurrection—of which he disapproved—from a café opposite the Hôtel de Ville. This time the protest was against the mismanagement of a sortie made a few days previously, and against the surrender of Paris which was to follow. The disillusion of defeat was all the more bitter because the government had for so long concealed the true hopelessness of the struggle. None of the members of the Government of National Defense was returned by Paris in the February elections, save Gambetta and Rochefort, the revolutionary who had resigned after October 31. But the final humiliation of Paris was still to come, with the Prussians' triumphal entry to the city on March 1. They stayed until the 3rd, and then left a hostile and gibing Paris united in despair.

There were provincial risings, which have been treated as part of the Communard movement, but it was above all Parisian. From one point of view the Commune was a local protest against the Napoleonic distrust of Paris. An authoritarian state had denied it self-government and gave control of the city to the Prefect of the Department of the Seine and the Prefect of Police. Part of the Communard appeal to '93 was to the memory of self-government, to even older echoes of municipal independence going back as far as the Paris of Étienne Marcel. The National Guard was very conscious of its local character. In the fighting, indeed, this was too prominent; some units refused to serve until their own districts were threatened. But it was a local pride in the guns for which Paris had subscribed that sought to preserve them from falling into the hands of the Prussians by moving them up to Montmartre. When the mayors of the twenty *arrondissements* attempted to mediate between the

Central Committee and the Assembly at Versailles, they wanted the guarantee of municipal franchises for Paris; this was as important to the middle-class Parisian as to the worker. All classes were annoyed by the "decapitalization" of Paris which they saw in the Assembly's decision to meet at Versailles, and as early as March 3 the Central Committee considered a resolution that the department of the Seine should declare itself an independent republic if the Assembly should transfer the capital from Paris.

This local feeling suited the members of the Commune who hoped for a national federation of Communes on principles drawn from Proudhon. One of them, Beslay, announced from the chair at the first session of the Commune that it was to serve as the model for all France. The Blanquists, too, had a role for local patriotism in their insurrectionary plans; they always expected the Parisian proletariat to lead France to revolution. The theoretical distinctions between Communards were somewhat offset when the old antipathy between Paris and the provinces revived. Ironically, the "backwoodsmen" of the Assembly, as a Communard journalist called them, themselves represented localism; but it was the localism of the provinces and small towns which distrusted the great capital city.

The contribution of social discontents to the Commune was fundamental, but less easy to isolate than that of the ideas of local autonomy. Both the voting for the Commune and the pattern of the fighting showed that it was in the working-class quarters that it found its fiercest support. Unemployment and the siege had weighed most heavily there. Without their pay as National Guardsmen, stopped by order of the Assembly, many fathers of families would have been penniless, and if the law of maturities which the Assembly passed had been enforced, debts and rents in abeyance during the siege would have become due and many homes would have faced starvation. The Commune responded to this support by taking the steps immediately necessary to alleviate the worst dangers and to remedy old abuses, but it never had time to evolve a coherent social program. Its last tribute to the workers of Paris was to fall back on Belleville to die.

When the causes of the Commune have been sought for, and the doctrines for which it stood have been separated from one another, there still remains an unexplained residue. For the

story of the Commune was more than this; it was also a historical episode through which played the forces of circumstance and accident. The sentence passed on Blanqui by the court-martial, set up to try those responsible for the rising of October 31, was published on March 11; at any other moment the provocation that it offered to the clubs of the capital would have been less dangerous. The armistice had removed the regular troops from the capital, and such demobilized troops as were there were ragged and starving. But Thiers had to take his chances on March 18, for the Assembly was to meet at Versailles on the 20th; and before that he had to show that the government could master Paris. He acted in the teeth of the skepticism of his officers; but the decision was not indefensible if he was to save the Republic from the Royalists. Nor was he wrong to abandon the capital, in spite of the protests of Ferry. He could not have survived between Paris and the Assembly, and chose, like Windischgrätz at Vienna in 1848, to withdraw from the capital in order to return to crush it.

Accident and circumstance did much to shape the course of the Commune once it was elected. Its first steps—the abolition of conscription, the postponement of the payment of maturing debts and rents, and the separation of Church and State—virtually exhausted its program; after this it issued a "Declaration to the French People" which demanded the recognition and consolidation of the Republic, the autonomy of communes and free development for the abilities of all Frenchmen; but this meant little more than opposition to the old authoritarian regime of the Empire. In action, the Commune simply went from expedient to expedient, and the result was usually muddle and confusion.

It was not clear what powers the Commune actually possessed. Its members could not decide which of them to delegate. The effect was that very little decentralization was attempted, and most decisions became matters of principle to be debated at length in the Commune itself. The Central Committee of the National Guard continued in existence, but no one knew what was its proper role. This was one of the causes of the disastrous bungling of the first weeks of the defense. The only chance of the Parisians was to attack while the Versaillese were still weak in numbers and poor in morale. Instead, April was wasted in piecemeal defensive fighting, much of it undertaken to recap-

sure positions too easily abandoned in the first place. The fort of Issy was evacuated but, fortunately, the Versailles failed to occupy it before Cluseret, the Communard commander, discovered the blunder and hastily reoccupied it himself with a few men. When he reported his action after returning to Paris, he was arrested; notwithstanding his services, the members of the Commune had decided that he was conspiring with the Central Committee against themselves. It was only one of many mistakes. Military commanders succeeded one another in rapid succession. When Issy village fell, it was impossible to arrange for men to be transferred there from the Neuilly sector, for local loyalties were too strong to allow the Commune to employ its troops where they were most needed. When the Committee of Public Safety was set up, things were worse still, for it symbolized the division in the Commune between the Jacobin majority and the Socialist minority. The Communards could organize the destruction of the Vendôme column, but not a co-ordinated defense.

On May 21 the Versailles entered the city proper by the Saint-Cloud gate. By early morning on the following day they had captured the Trocadéro, and the last stage of the Commune had begun. Almost at once resistance grew more fierce, for in the barricade fighting of the last week the spontaneous revolutionary enthusiasm of March 18 again appeared. Delescluze abandoned the pretense of efficient military control in order to give the people full scope. The Central Committee, sitting around an opened box of dynamite at the *mairie* of the eleventh *arrondissement*, heard him propose a final, hopeless attack on May 25. This was too late. That evening he was himself killed on a barricade. The Commune's last proclamation appeared the next day; the Committee of Public Safety had been lost to sight for days already. The end of the tooth-and-nail resistance came on Whitsunday when the last shot was fired in the rue Ramponneau. The Versailles troops had already begun to celebrate their victory by lining up a hundred and forty-seven Communards against the wall of Père-Lachaise cemetery and shooting them.

No improved machinery could have saved the Commune once it was on the defensive, for the rest of France wanted peace and was prepared to impose it on Paris. Anger against the Parisians who wanted to continue the war explains some of the savagery

of the repression. So does the rumor of Communard atrocities which was soon circulating. The deliberate arson which formed part of the defensive measures of the Communards gave birth to the legend of the *pétroleuses*; and there were many Frenchmen who were horrified at the suicidal and anarchical tendencies which seemed thus to be bursting out. But the repression bred its legends, too. After it a deep gap separated the workers from the middle-class.

This class embitterment runs through the early history of the Third Republic. Not only did Marx replace Proudhon as the guiding theorist of the Socialists, but the middle-class Republicans also changed their ideas; much of their conservatism in the first years of the Republic was to be explained by the shock of the Commune. They maintained some of the apparatus of centralized executive power which they had condemned under the Second Empire, and for ten years they resisted a full amnesty for the Communards. In spite of its Republican affinities, the Commune did not help the Third Republic but endangered it by showing that the monarchists might be right, that a Republic might mean anarchy. It created a new division between Frenchmen already too deeply divided, and only with the passing of the Commune generation was it to become a less bitter memory. Even now, there are those who are interested to keep it alive. But the legend is losing its force, at least outside France. When the first Russian tourists arrived in Paris in 1956, reported *The Observer*, "The authorities, apparently expecting them to behave after the manner of members of delegations, arranged a visit to the graves of the 'Communards' who died in the 1871 Paris insurrection. Most of the Russians, however, failed to turn up; they had preferred to go and see Cinerama." Perhaps the French Communists, members of the most rigidly Stalinist of all the European Communist parties, will one day again follow the lead of their Russian comrades.

New Light on Hitler's Youth

D. C. Watt

The ancestry and early years of Adolf Hitler have for long been overlaid by the picture Hitler himself presented of them in *Mein Kampf*, and by a lack of detailed research with which this picture could be corrected. This lack has now been supplied, as far as it now seems possible, by the publication of Dr. Franz Jetzinger's *Hitler's Jugend, Phantasien, Lügen und die Wahrheit*. The author, an Austrian Social Democrat, sometime deputy to the Austrian Parliament and official librarian to the Linz provincial government, has long been known as a collector of Hitleriana. The picture he gives of himself in this book is of a disappointed and angry man, both because of the failure of Hitler's opponents to deflate Hitler's reputation at a time when it could still have been done by the kind of research he has undertaken, and because of what he believes to have been the illegitimate misuse of his materials by a leading German review and by two of Hitler's former friends, with whom he was in contact for their own stores of their knowledge of Hitler.

Jetzinger's book is thus laden with long passages designed to expose in detail the unreliability of their writings and of Hitler's own version in *Mein Kampf*, digressions which do not make

the book easy to read. Nevertheless, the picture of Hitler's ancestry and early years that emerges is sufficiently different from that hitherto accepted as to deserve the widest circulation; and Jetzinger is, as a result of his own experiences, fanatically careful to document his every point.

Hitler's father, Alois, was born on June 7, 1837, in the hamlet of Strones near Dollersheim, the bastard son of a forty-two-year-old sewing-maid, Maria Anne Schickelgruber, his father unknown but possibly the nineteen-year-old son of her former employers in Graz, who may have been a Jewish family by the name of Frankenberger. He was brought up first of all in the home of a hospitable neighbor (his mother's father at first refusing to take his erring daughter in); then, when a reconciliation had been effected, in his grandfather's home. When he was five years old, his mother married, at the age of forty-seven, a fifty-year-old unemployed miller from the 20-kilometer distant village of Spital, one Johann Georg Hiedler, a widower. In view of the groom's financial circumstances, there is a strong suspicion that the parents of Alois Hitler's father had sent his mother money. Five years later, his mother died, and his stepfather followed her ten years later. Long before this, however, Alois had been taken into the house of Hiedler's younger brother, Johann Nepomuk Hiedler, a successful farmer who brought him up as his own son. At the age of thirteen, he was sent to Vienna to be apprenticed to a shoemaker. From there in his nineteenth year, having improved his education by his own efforts, he entered the border police of the Austrian Customs Service, to be taken nine years later into the Customs Service itself, having reached the highest rank possible in the police open to one of his extremely limited education. His promotion thereafter was equally steady. At the age of fifty-five he reached the highest rank open to him, that of *Zolloberamtssoffiziell*, and was pensioned off two years later, in 1895, after an official medical examination.

In 1876 occurred an event that has thrown so many of Hitler's biographers off the trail. Alois's foster-father, Nepomuk Hiedler, then in his seventy-eighth year, appeared with three witnesses before the vicar of Dollersheim, in whose parish register Alois's birth but not his father's name was recorded, to swear that the father was Nepomuk's brother and Alois's stepfather, Johann Georg Hiedler. The vicar accepted this and inserted Johann Georg's name into the space previously left blank in the regis-

er, noting the occasion for this alteration in the column headed "remarks." The legal justification for this alteration was very dubious. The witnesses were illiterates; two were related to Nepomuk. There should have been four not three of them; and they had all been mere youths at the time of the mother's death, whom they alleged to have admitted Hiedler's parentage in their hearing. As Jetzinger relates this, the whole business looks very much like a put-up job. The vicar, who had come to Dollersheim only in the year of the alleged father's death, apparently accepted the word of one who must have been one of his oldest and most respected parishioners. Jetzinger suggests that Nepomuk's motives may have been to help Alois in his career. Anyway, it was in consequence of this that Alois changed his name to Hitler.

Alois himself has always figured as the villain in the biographies of his son, the stern unbending father, a drunkard and an alcoholic, a strict nationalist, dreadfully poor, determined to force his son to become a customs official in his father's footsteps. Jetzinger draws a rather different picture, that of an able and intelligent official, comparatively ambitious, though somewhat uncontrolled in his passions. He had an illegitimate son in 1868. He married three times, first the daughter of another official, who was fourteen years older than he, and moneyed. He separated from her in 1880, and took as his mistress the barmaid of the Gasthaus on the ground floor of the building in which his flat was. When his first wife died in 1883, he married his mistress, who had already borne him one child and bore him another before dying of tuberculosis two years later. On her death, he married the seventh child, Klara, of his foster-father, Nepomuk Hiedler's daughter, Johanna, whose married name was Pölzl. He had already employed Klara as a serving-maid before his separation from his first wife. But on the separation she left him—conceivably at the instigation of his mistress—to go into service in Vienna. He had two children by his second wife, as noted above, and six by Klara, only two of whom Adolf and Paula, survived their early years. This would tend to suggest that the Pölzl blood was weak, a possibility that is strengthened when we discover that of Klara's own generation seven children died in childhood and only one lived beyond her fiftieth year. Incidentally, Klara's first child by Alois Hitler was also conceived out of wedlock, being born five months only after the marriage.

Adolf's father then appears to have had a way with him. In habit he was an *homme moyen sensual*. Though a heavy smoker he was a light drinker in a country where heavy drinking is common. His obituary in the *Linzer Tagespost*, itself a sign of his popularity and standing in the community, suggests that he may have had a hasty temper. His opinions it characterizes as progressive, a judgment confirmed by the fact that his dearest friend was a Czech unashamed of his non-German origins. So far from being hostile to his son's love of music, another favorite scene in the Nazi hagiography, he was a member of the local choral union. He took his place at the local *Stammtisch*. Where his family was concerned, he seems to have been no more authoritarian than the ordinary Austrian paterfamilias. So far from being poor, he enjoyed, at least after Adolf's birth, a salary superior to that of the headmaster of an Austrian secondary school. When he retired, his pension was about equal to that level.

On his retirement, he first bought a seven-acre homestead in the village of Fischlhalm, near the market town of Lambach on the river Traun, south of Linz, paying in cash four-fifths of the price—some 8,000 crowns, compared with his annual salary of 2,600 crowns. The place proved too expensive to run, and he sold it in 1897, moving first to lodgings in Lambach, and then buying a small house and garden in Leonding near Linz for 7,700 crowns. He died of a stroke there in 1903, when Adolf was thirteen years old.

Adolf was born in Braunau on the river Inn on Saturday, April 20, 1889, as the fourth child of the Hitler-Pölzl marriage, the first, however, to survive. His three elder brothers all died (the eldest at the age of two) before his birth. In his third year his father was appointed to the Austrian Customs House in Passau, on the Bavarian side of the Inn, where Adolf lived until his father's retirement three years later. Jetzinger attaches great psychological importance to this contact in Adolf's most impressionable years with the more nationalist German children of South Bavaria, with their regular celebration of the *Sedanfeier*, the anniversary of the German victory in 1871 over the French at Sedan. He first went to school in Fischlhalm, after his father's retirement, to the one class village school where his teacher remembers him as a lively, intelligent and well-turned out child. Two years later he went to the *Volksschule* (elementary school) at Lambach, then run by Benedictine monks, and in 1899 he

had a year at the *Volksschule* in Leonding. From this rather interrupted elementary schooling he passed at the age of eleven in 1900 to the *Realschule* at Linz.

The fact that he was sent to the *Realschule*—a school of our Secondary Modern type—rather than to the *Gymnasium* (Grammar School), where alone he could have acquired the knowledge of Latin essential to the study of law without which entry to the official service was difficult, itself casts a good deal of light on the father's alleged determination to make Adolf follow in his footsteps. If there was a row between father and son at this stage, as Adolf alleges in *Mein Kampf*, it most probably occurred when the young Adolf was forced to repeat his first year's work in the *Realschule* as a result of his low marks and lack of attention. His school record thereafter was consistently below average. At the age of fourteen he was allowed to pass the examination through which bad pupils were put only on condition that he left Linz. He did a further year at the *Realschule* nearest to Linz, at Steyr, and then as a result of his failures in mathematics (consistently his weakest subject), and in German (which should prevent any tendency to draw parallels with the subsequent career of that other notoriously bad school pupil, Winston Churchill), he was most probably advised to abandon his studies. The story of an illness, later put about by himself and his Nazi biographers, is fictitious in Jetzinger's view. His teachers agree remarkably on his school record. He was, in their view, in no way untalented, but was lazy to a degree. It is noticeable that both in drawing and in history and geography, subjects in which he later claimed to have led the class, he achieved no more than second-class marks. His only first was in *Turnen* (Physical Training).

Two other points emerge from Jetzinger's evidence of these years. Some very considerable physiological upset must have occurred during the years of his entry into puberty. In childhood he was a lively, companionable, outdoor boy. As an adolescent, he was thin, pale, solitary, with no real friends; a day-dreamer spending much of his time mooning about the house, looking like a tubercular subject, with gray and frightening eyes. He was a difficult youth, opinionated, rebellious, whose sudden bursts of energy quickly evaporated when faced with any serious task. And at this crucial date his father died, leaving him to the care of his mother, who seems all along to have

spoiled him, and whose one instinct, faced with the "mixed-up lad" into which her only son, her beloved Adi, had turned, must have been to indulge his every wish. Nor were there any near male relatives to supply the missing father's place.

Moreover, she had the means with which to spoil him. Jetzinger firmly buries the myth of Hitlerian poverty under a wealth of official documents. The widow Hitler received a lump sum of 605 crowns, equivalent to three months of her husband's pension, a monthly pension of 100 crowns, and an education allowance of 20 crowns each for Adolf and his younger sister, Paula. Together, this came to only 40 crowns less than her husband had received, and she had two fewer mouths to feed as her stepdaughter, Angela, who had been living at home, married a certain Leo Raubal nine months after her father's death. What her husband's estate came to cannot be ascertained, but it included substantial sums from the value of his house, which were kept in trust for Adolf and Paula, the widow enjoying the interest until their eighteenth years, while the inheritance of the children from his second marriage was paid in cash. Frau Hitler sold the house in Leonding for 10,000 crowns in 1907, of which at least 5,500 in cash must have come to her after deduction of the children's inheritance portions, taxes, and the mortgage. On selling the house she moved to Linz, renting a three-room flat, one room of which became Adolf's own.

In 1905-6, Hitler made his first and only real friend, Augustus Kubizek, then in his last year at the ordinary elementary school, and far from Hitler's intellectual equal. The friendship, such as it was, lasted until 1908. How deep it ran remains unclear. Jetzinger appears to show that Kubizek's knowledge of the Hitler household is so inaccurate as to warrant the inference that Hitler rarely took him home. But he does seem to have been a fairly constant associate of Hitler's. Kubizek was another genius *manqué*, this time a pianist. What was more important to Hitler, he was prepared to listen and admire, listen to Hitler's adolescent views on art and life—stories that Hitler had the slightest degree of political consciousness at this time seem to be quite untrue—and admire the unending stream of architectural sketches and designs for the improvement of Linz, which were the stuff of Hitler's daydreams. It was to Kubizek that Hitler wrote, when he went on his first visit to Vienna for a fortnight in May 1906, almost illiterate ungrammatical out-



Hitler, aged sixteen; sketch by a fellow pupil in the secondary school at Steyr. (*Exclusive News Agency.*)



Hitler's mother, born Klara Pölzl. (*Hulton Picture Library.*)

pourings about the operas and plays he had seen. He was fascinated by the theater at this time, and indeed, always—as can be seen from the crude pothouse comments on leading German musicians and actors that bespatter the pages of his recorded table-talk. Kubizek also suffered with him in his first love affair—if indeed it can be so described. The young Adolf never spoke to his idol, nineteen years to his seventeen, though she once received a letter from someone unknown to her asking her to wait for him, as he was going to study at the Vienna Academy of Art and would marry her on his return. It is curious to note that according to his later associates, both in Vienna and in the days of the 1920's when he was rising to power, he never succeeded in making any closer approach to the opposite sex, except possibly with his stepniece, Angela (Geli) Raubal, and with Eva Braun.

In April 1907 Hitler reached his eighteenth birthday, inheriting his share of his father's will, a sum estimated by Jetzinger at about 700 crowns. With this he moved finally to Vienna. As is well known, he took the entrance examination to

the Academy of Art and failed it. According to his own version, he was advised that his skill lay more in architectural drawing. But his poor scholastic record barred him from entry to any school of architecture. He remained in Vienna, living his fantasy-life as he had done in Linz. The same December his mother died. She had been operated on for breast cancer early that year, though Jetzinger disproves the legend that her treatment exhausted the family wealth. She died suddenly, and Adolf arrived at her bedside only after her death. Thereafter he returned to Vienna.

By Austrian law, the surviving children, Paula and Adolf, were entitled to share between them a sum equal to half their mother's pension "as long as one of the two remained unprovided for under the normal age." The division of this sum, some fifty crowns a month, was left to the municipal trustee. Believing that Adolf was studying at the Academy, a belief of which Adolf certainly made no effort to disabuse him, he split the sum in half, awarding Hitler twenty-five crowns a month. How much Hitler may have received from his mother's property is uncertain, but he must clearly have received something. The influx of money was so exciting that he was impelled to invite Kubizek to abandon his job, come and stay with him in Vienna, and continue his music study at the Conservatorium. They did a great deal of theater-going, and that not in the cheapest places.

While his money lasted, Hitler continued the same life of ease and leisured fantasy as he had enjoyed while his mother lived. He drew magnificent town schemes, grandiose plans for a new theater at Linz (this last crops up over and over again), and talked. Kubizek listened. By the end of 1908, Hitler had run through his friend's patience, and most of his money. He abandoned Kubizek, moved his lodgings five times, with increasing rent troubles. In the summer of 1909 he seems to have slept in the open, on park benches and the like, but as the winter of 1909 came on he was driven to take shelter in an Asylum for the Homeless.

There he met one Reinhold Hanisch who, finding that his acquaintance could draw, persuaded him to allow him to sell his drawings on commission. He seems also to have persuaded Hitler to appeal for aid to his mother's surviving sister, Johanna. With these earnings, and Hitler's education pension,

they moved to the Men's Home in the 20th *Bezirk* of Vienna. This place has been described as a flophouse. It was more, in fact, like a Salvation Army Hostel and definitely a cut above the Asylum for the Homeless. For three crowns a week, a private cubicle could be rented, occupiable from nine p.m. to nine a.m. The day could be spent in the Home's reading and smoking rooms or in its canteen. Here the now independent artist settled with his agent. Here, in fact, Hitler remained until his move to Munich in the summer of 1913.

In the summer of 1910, Hitler quarrelled with Hanisch over the commission on two of Hitler's drawings, on which Hitler had set a grossly inflated value. The dispute came before the police and Hanisch, who was living under a false name, spent a week in prison. Hitler remained at the Men's Home, although he must have had a good deal less success in selling his pictures than Hanisch had had. He may at this time have been forced into the succession of odd jobs which in *Mein Kampf* he makes so much of; although Jetzinger makes even this seem unlikely. In March 1911, his aunt Johanna died. It seems likely that at her funeral Hitler's stepsister, Angela, who had taken the young Paula into her own home on her mother's death, had herself been widowed in 1910, and had three children to support, discovered that Hitler had been receiving financial help from Johanna. It may even be that Hitler inherited the bulk of Johanna's property as Jetzinger suggests. Whatever the case, deposition seems to have been made to the municipal trustee to the effect that Hitler was now self-employed and had been receiving "substantial sums" from his aunt Johanna. Faced with this revelation, Hitler acquiesced in the municipal trustee's award of the whole orphan's pension of 50 crowns to his younger sister.

If Hitler received anything from his aunt's estate, it made for once no difference in his way of life. He had at last found his own niche, company which suited him. The inhabitants of the Men's Home came from every section of Vienna's community, waifs and strays, the flotsam and jetsam of a large city mixing with more solid citizens down on their luck and using the Home as a springboard for a renewed attack on fortune. It seems also to have had a quasi-permanent population. Neumann, a Hungarian Jewish old clothes dealer, for a time took Hanisch's place. The debates around the canteen tables and in the smoking room were Hitler's sole political education. His anti-

Semitism began there, fed on cheap anti-Semitic pamphlets, themselves a commentary on the story of Hitler's voracious reading. Wrapped in his own utter loneliness, his stultifying and blinding egoism, his unshakeable convictions of his own superiority to the *Lumpen* around him, Hitler turned against all the articles of the Vienna workingman's faith. Socialism he despised, the Austrian party seeming to him riddled with Jews. The Church also he despised; the Hapsburgs were the ruin of Austria, their ceremonial pretentious humbug. Against the comparative camaraderie of the hostel he preached the doctrine of brutal selfish advancement based on lies, deceit, flattery, and the ruthless abandonment of humanitarian principles, which he later poured into *Mein Kampf*. He had no real friends, male or female. He was, indeed, always dead to love and friendship, except toward those very few who shared in his real triumphs and thus became an intimate part of that private world of fantasy which the German nationalist leaders, the German army generals and the despair of the German people combined to foist upon the real world and themselves between 1933 and 1945. He was, in Jetzinger's phrase, a man without love. Hanfstaengl suggests that his initial inability to approach the opposite sex may have been reinforced by the contraction of venereal disease during this time from a Viennese prostitute; but the story seems on the whole improbable. There does, however, appear to have been a strong sexual element in his anti-Semitic and anti-clerical outbursts.

During these years Hitler was beginning to turn toward nationalism. But he was, in fact, continuously failing to do his duty to the nation of which he was a citizen. By an act of 1889 all Austrian citizens were obliged to register themselves for military service during their twenty-first year and to appear before a board on reaching that birthday. If they missed this or were found unfit, they were obliged to register the following year. Hitler failed to register at any time during his stay in Vienna, and the registry at his home town of Linz shows that his whereabouts remained unknown. In May 1913 he moved to Munich, rendering himself liable to a year's imprisonment and a fine of two thousand crowns, for leaving the country without having registered for military service.

It was not until then, his twenty-fourth year, when, had he registered, he would no longer have been eligible for military service, that the rather slow-moving Austrian bureaucratic

machine began to bestir itself. By January 10, 1914, he had been traced to Munich and his address was known. He was summoned to Linz at once for registration, via the Austrian consulate in Munich and the Munich police, who characteristically left it to the last moment before serving him with the summons. The arrival of the summons by the hand of a German police detective must have struck Hitler like a thunderbolt. On arrival in Munich he had registered himself as "stateless," to Nazi apologeticists, a sign of his feelings toward Austria-Hungary, to Jetzinger, more plausibly, a means of protection against precisely the event which had now occurred.

There followed a certain amount of bureaucratic arrogance, with the Austrian consul in Munich, who was clearly impressed by Hitler's weak state of health, defending Hitler against the peremptory summons of the Linz registration office. Extradition proceedings were not instituted, but he was eventually obliged to travel to Salzburg for registration. There he was medically examined and pronounced unfit for service from physical weakness. The episode throws a considerable light on Hitler's deterioration since his removal to Munich. The fourteen months he spent in Munich before the outbreak of war must have been more severe even than his year as a down-and-out in Vienna before he met Hanisch. How and from what he lived is unknown. He lodged privately, so that he must have had to pay rent more substantial than that which he paid in the Vienna Men's Home. But even the story that he was looked after by a motherly old lady, who let him get into arrears of rent, and made him small loans when he was penniless, seems unlikely. He lodged with a tailor's family.

There are two further points of interest in the episode. Hitler was faced with the need to explain why he had never registered during his stay in Vienna. The need drove him to compose a long letter in which one finds for the first time in print the beginnings of the Hitler myth.

So far as concerns my failure to register in 1909, this was for me an interminably bitter time. I was a young man, inexperienced, without any financial assistance and too proud to accept such assistance from just anyone, let alone to beg it. Without any support and forced to rely on myself, the few crowns, often only a few pennies, from the products of my work hardly even covered my sleeping place. For two years long I had no other mistress but worry and want, no other companion than eternally unsatisfied hunger. I never learned to know that wonderful word youth. Even

today after five years, the reminders of this are with me in the form of frost blisters on my fingers, hands, and feet. And yet I cannot remember this time without a certain pleasure. . . . In spite of great want, often more than dubious surroundings, I still kept my name clean, have a clean record with the police and clear conscience except in my omission to register for military service [an obligation] that I then not once became aware of. That is the one thing of which I feel myself to have been guilty. And for this reason a moderate fine should surely be sufficient penance, and I will not refuse myself it willingly to pay such penance.

In all this there is a certain element of truth. The summer of 1909, between his row with Kubizek and his meeting with Hanisch in the refuge for the homeless, was his worst period in Vienna—so bad that one would have thought military service would have been welcome to him, providing him with clothes, a roof, and a small wage. He did not say that he had had money and thrown it away, that even at the period he was getting twenty-five crowns a month from the Austrian government as his share of the orphan's pension. His life in Vienna was his own choice, his poverty of his own seeking. As to the failure to register, his motives are clear enough. Registration meant discipline, cleanliness, the loss of his infinitely precious individuality, equality with all other recruits, deference to ignorant and uneducated corporals and sergeants, servility to boorish philistines of officers.

Only in the wild exaltation of August 1914, caught in Hoffmann's photograph of the Munich crowd, could Hitler enlist in any army. It is at this stage that Jetzinger's story of Hitler's youth ends, save for a note on his final application to be deprived of Austrian citizenship in 1925, a step undertaken to end any temptation that the German police might feel to deport him back to Austria.

By his infinitely painstaking and careful research Dr. Jetzinger has answered many of the questions which any study of Hitler's psychological development must raise; and the gaps that he leaves are unlikely to be filled, unless the mysterious Frankenbergers of Graz can be traced. But the clear light that he throws on Hitler's early years only makes the obscurity of his middle years more patent. Somewhere among the masses of German military documents captured by the Allies in 1945 there must be traces of his wartime service with the 16th Bavarian Reserve Infantry Regiment and his winning of the Iron Cross. Somewhere, too, it is possible that there are documents on Hitler's

activities in 1918-19, before he came across the infant German Workers' Party, the seed from which he was to raise the Nazi Party—perhaps in the German army archives, perhaps in those of the Bavarian State Police.

Hitler was then a mother's darling, of uncertain heredity and with that chilling self-centeredness and overwhelming belief in his own superiority which is so often found in the only sons of philistinely indulgent mothers. He appears to have suffered some profound physiological upset on entering puberty, an upset reflected in a change of physical appearance, and accompanied by a withdrawal into adolescent fantasy. So far from being poor, his mother possessed just enough money to indulge him and protect him from the need to immerse himself in everyday matters in earning his living. All along he had just enough money to enable him to enter into a private world of fantasy, but not enough to sustain it. His mother's early death at the age of forty-seven broke his one anchor with humanity or, rather, the one claim on his private world. Thereafter he drifted, descending the scale with a bump in 1909, rescued by others who taught him how to scrape a living with such talents as he had, rescued also by his aunt, Johanna.

Only at a late stage in this descent did he turn from art to politics. The know-all, the superior person that he felt himself to be, could not bear to be ignorant on the common topic of conversation in the hostel canteen and smoking rooms, and with his quarrel with Kubizek he had lost the only audience for his views on art and the theater. His move to Munich, the city of artists, may well have represented a move back to art away from the philistine atmosphere of his Viennese surroundings. If so it was unsuccessful. Only the war, with its flood of nationalism, the millennialist spirit of whose opening days were felt in every belligerent capital except Paris, could sweep Hitler out of his world of fantasy and into one of organization. It is interesting to reflect that this must have been one of the last occasions, except perhaps in the realization of Germany's defeat, that Hitler was part of any wave of popular feeling. After 1918, he was to be the instigator of such waves. From being outside and below common humanity, he passed to being outside and above. He remained as always, a phantast, an egoist, a man with a private world and a private vision. But for twelve years he captured the rest of the real world into his own and imposed his vision on history.

Byways in History:

A Scholar's Scholar

Earl Schenck Mier

"May the road to hell grow green waitin for you."

On this affectionate note Carl Sandburg ended a recent letter to David C. Mearns, who for more than forty years has worked at the Library of Congress. Today Dave Mearns holds the title of Chief of the Manuscript Division and occupies the Library's chair of American history, but to two generations of historians he is best known as a warm-hearted friend whose charm, with kindness and perception make him, in his own right, a national institution.

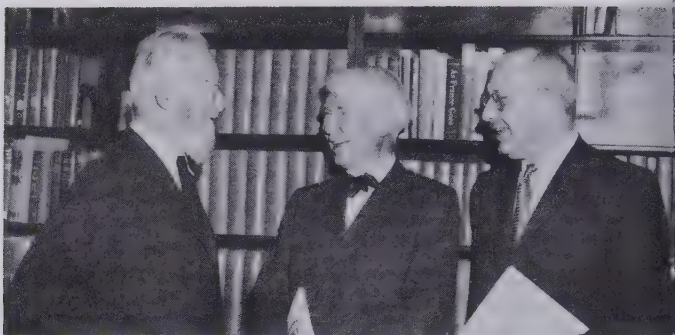
Not quite sixty years ago, when McKinley was still President, Dave Mearns was born in Washington, D. C. Though it may pinch a Virginian's pride to admit that the stork occasionally reaches this far shore of the Potomac, Dave belongs to that distinct American breed to whom Pennsylvania Avenue is Main Street, Lafayette Square is a home-town landmark, and no senator is ever as permanent a fixture on The Hill as the sweet scene of a calm spring evening. Between the poles of the two Rooseveltvelts—the Square Deal and the New Deal—he has witnessed the political ferments that produce the changing brews which make Washington a heady intoxicant for most Americans. But for Dave

Mearns Washington has stood for a great deal more: youth and teams and home and family.

In that misty time six decades ago when the doctor whacked and a new Mearns yowled, the young Librarian of Congress was the now legendary Herbert Putnam whose brilliant career, continuing until his death as Librarian Emeritus in 1955, saw the Library of Congress grow from the shadowy love-child of Thomas Jefferson into a dynamic giant shaping and safeguarding a national culture. Almost midway in the long span of Putnam's service, Dave Mearns began his own labors at the Library, and so was formed in the Great Tradition.

The image of the old master in which Mearns, the pupil, matured was never better understood than by Archibald MacLeish, appointed by Franklin D. Roosevelt to follow the bold trail blazed by Putnam. The Library of Congress, MacLeish said, was "not so much organization in its own right as the lengthened shadow of a man—a man of great force, extraordinary abilities and a personality which left its fortunate impress upon everything he touched." Old staff members, listening, smiled to themselves; they were remembering the Putnam who, in unguarded moments, revealed how deeply sensitive and gentle he could be. A genuinely great man who left many unexpected monuments—a man who gave to others a rich wisdom and a profound experience—the initiated know where to look for the Putnam mark. They find it, for example, in the twinkle that often lights the soft blue eyes of the present Chief of the Library's Manuscript Division.

That division, a Putnam creation, is housed today on the third floor of the Library of Congress Annex. In the beginning the division's principal resources were the papers of the Continental Congress and the Founding Fathers; today there are an estimated 16,000,000 items in its stacks, ranging in subject across every facet of American life. The chair of history, which was attached to the division through an endowment from James Benjamin Wilbur of Vermont, makes original research a part of Dave Mearns's duties. Not alone in the publication of such works as *The Story Up to Now: The Library of Congress, 1800-1946* and *The Lincoln Papers* has Mr. Mearns demonstrated the elicited rewards to be derived from this provision; rather, it is in the spirit symbolized, making the Manuscript Division a haven of the working scholar, that the greatest benefit comes.



David C. Mearns (right), with Carl Sandburg and Edward Steichen. (*The Library of Congress*.)

As a result historians look upon the Manuscript Division as a resource created for their use, adapted to their needs, and administered by a heart tender in understanding their problems.

Not all is perfect. In past years, as an illustration, the division was inattentive in securing the papers of American men and women of letters; efforts are being exerted to rectify this oversight, but time, and often a long time, becomes the essence of such enterprises. Yet even in an atmosphere where acquisitiveness becomes a virtue, fair play and balanced judgment prevail. The gift of parts of collections started elsewhere is discouraged since the corpus of such collections is better kept intact; and regional material is encouraged to go to those places where it can be most readily accessible to the interested student. A bedrock the function of the Library of Congress, as Putnam reshaped it and Mearns learned his craft, is to vitalize the national life wherever, whenever, and however that happy end can be achieved.

Keeping house in the Manuscript Division requires tact, good humor, and versatility. Here Dumas Malone quartered a research staff when that great servant of the historian, *The Dictionary of American Biography*, was gestating. Here a research staff under C. Percy Powell toils compiling the entries that will go into the *Lincoln Day-by-Day Chronologies*. Whether a scholar's labor carry him into the still little used papers of the American Colonization Society or into the mass of documents of the League of Women Voters so popular with students of the current political scene, each is serving the national culture with equal passion.

Each needs help, sympathy, appreciation, and a loyal friend, the qualities that make Dave Mearns a national institution among historians. What he can't supply, he wishes he could—and would, if he could control all the circumstances.

We daresay we are not alone in feeling sadness over a recent tendency among occupants of the White House to establish shrines to their separate immortality. Gone for the time is the day when a President was content for the homefolk to preserve his birthplace along with such entrancing relics, if they exist, as the diaper in which his presidential dignity was first encased or the razor that first shed the blood of a hero. The student of modern American history must travel to Hyde Park, New York, to peruse the papers of F.D.R., to Independence, Missouri, to get at the intellectual roots of Mr. Truman, and to Abilene, Kansas, to fathom the thought processes of Mr. Eisenhower. Parkinson's Law never has been so well sustained; even unto death, the work of the leaders of democracy expands to fill the vacuum of time.

As the future historian wings by jet propulsion from shrine to shrine, squandering his time and financial resources in behalf of the national culture, he may take some comfort in the delusion that the imitative instinct in the American character recognizes no political boundary. But despite the optimistic dedicatory oratory at Hyde Park or Independence or Abilene only a fragment of the essential story he is seeking awaits him in those sacred regions where once Fala romped, Big Tom Pendergast breathed freedom's air, and the Younger Brothers shot their way into a President's favorite prose. So back to Washington and the Manuscript Division the historian must come to examine the documents of those dissident scamps who, double-damned if they'll buckle under to the whims of the old man in the White House, rely upon a more objective archivist to guard the record of their rebellion.

Insofar as the current trend in historical research seems concentrated upon the immediate past in an effort perhaps to probe the uncertain future, the burdens imposed by scattering our intellectual resources for vanity's sake are becoming daily apparent to the scholar. He does not find the papers of Ickes or Hull in Hyde Park or Independence; these are under Mr. Mearns's competent care in Washington. Again, in an age when the sky is no longer the limit, the almost complete documents

of aviation from the time the Wright brothers buzzed the ernes on the beaches at Kitty Hawk through the revolt of Billy Mitchell to the papers of the Air Force commanders who have sustained Mitchell's gifts of prophecy repose in the Manuscript Division in Dave Mearns's home town. Of course one can always rationalize patterns of American behavior. The socialistic inclination of New Dealers to spread our intellectual wealth has, let us say, caught Ike with his guard down; and we intend no hard feeling in the spirit of that robust American liberal who, when Al Smith ran for President, assured a Boston audience: "It ain't Irish Catholics I hate, but just them *Roman Catholics*."

Meanwhile Mr. Mearns and his Manuscript Division can take comfort in the knowledge that the major papers of twenty-three Presidents, including such minor occupants of the White House as Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln, do exist under one roof where they may be processed, catalogued, preserved, and used with reasonable economy. Happily, even in modern times, Cabinet officers and more marginal Federal factotums are reluctant to break with the past. The dominant threads in a tapestry depicting more than two and a quarter centuries of the nation's political heritage thus continue to provide luster and structure for the historian.

The holdings of the Manuscript Division cannot be evaluated; they are unique and priceless. Each May, that splendid month of cosmogony if one can trust an old folk ballad, the Library's *Quarterly Journal of Current Acquisitions* burgeons with the year's harvest of new manuscripts. Personal papers are grouped by families, Presidents, Cabinet members, members of Congress, members of the Supreme Court, members of the armed forces, writers, "and other public figures"; special items may run the range from "A Journal of What Was Transacted in the Expedition for the Total Reduction of Canada in the Year A.D. 1760" to the archives of the silent screen's man of the Old West, William S. Hart, who knew that the romanticized Western had become "an awful mess." A quiet task of the division is microfilming abroad documents pertaining to the American past.

Dave Mearns tells us that while the Manuscript Division buys a few items to fill in collections, it is doubtful if more than a thousand dollars is expended annually. Obviously it is costing the taxpayer considerably less to conquer time than space. Usually collections are given without complicated restrictions

in their use. The publicity attending the opening in 1947 of the impounded Robert Todd Lincoln Collection distorted the average experience of the division; but then, as every student of the period knows, Prince Bob was scarcely an average personality. Some restrictions remain on the use of the Wilson papers, but they in no way hinder the research of the bona fide scholar.

"Dave," we asked, "how about the screwballs who come in?"

"We don't get them," he said.

We should have known the question was silly. The efficient methods by which those who work in the collections are screened is not the explanation, either. Research from original sources is plugging, soul-searing toil. It must be supported by a knowledgeable background and sharpened by the perceptions of a sensitive heart and an enlightened imagination. For the crackpot, for the sensational journalist, this rendezvous of scholars with coats off and sleeves rolled up becomes a forest of confusion. He cannot hack his way through. Quickly he must retreat to bar or club, relying on a well-scrubbed ear for his inner gleanings.

Dave Mearns is a man with a fundamental creed. In 1955, speaking before the Tennessee Library Association, he said in an almost grumpish moment: "... actually for librarians, books are decidedly passé." And if there were some who squirmed, in time he came to the core of his own faith: "... only great books, great readers and great hearts can bring greatness to a library." On a recent junket we lunched with Jonathan Daniels in Chapel Hill and Burke Davis in High Point, with Lon Tinkle in Dallas, with Clyde Walton in Springfield and Paul Angle in Chicago. As working bookmen, we naturally talked like bores about our own plans, but inevitably one name cropped up to brighten the discussions—Dave Mearns. When in doubt, ask Dave. He is, among American historians, a scholar's scholar. His indebted friends are legion, and without exception they join Carl Sandburg in hoping that the road to hell will grow green waitin for him.

Contributors

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